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# Daily Mirror

A  
BEAUTIFUL  
KEEPSAKE.

(See page 6.)

No. 311.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

## DEATH OF MR. DAN LENO, THE FAMOUS COMEDIAN.



Mr. Leno as a widow in a pantomime.



One of his most characteristic poses.—(Denton and Co.)



Mr. Leno as a shop-walker.—(Photo. Co.)



The last photograph of the famous comedian, taken a few days ago.—(Denton and Co.)



Mr. Leno as an editor.—(Haines.)



Gardening, his favourite pastime. — (Foulsham and Banfield.)



At home with two of his pets. — (Foulsham and Banfield.)







## OUTRAGED BRITAIN.

### Another Cabinet Meeting Held Yesterday.

#### MANY INVESTIGATIONS.

### Those at Hull and Vigo Precede International Commission.

Yesterday was again a busy day in official circles, a surprise being sprung upon the country by the holding of another Cabinet meeting.

In the morning Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador, paid a visit to Lord Lansdowne at the Foreign Office.

At about the same time Mr. Balfour, who returned to town from the New Forest on Sunday night, was received by the King at Buckingham Palace. The audience lasted about half an hour.

Shortly after mid-day the members of the Cabinet assembled at the Foreign Office, the meeting being also attended by the Attorney-General.

The Cabinet meeting lasted about an hour and a half.

The Press Association has authority for stating that the meeting indicates no important development of the situation, although it was called in direct connection with the Anglo-Russian negotiations.

It is understood that the Government, among other things, has had under consideration the question as to how they will be represented at the inquiry at Vigo, and an announcement on this subject will probably be made in due course.

#### INQUIRIES BEGUN.

Arrangements for the Board of Trade inquiry at Hull are now complete. It will be conducted by Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge and Mr. Butler Aspinall, K.C., who yesterday met in conference at the latter's chambers.

The Hon. Noel Farrer, secretary to Sir Francis Hopwood, will act as secretary to this board of inquiry.

The Russian Naval inquiry was opened at Vigo on Sunday. Yesterday two officers left Vigo for Madrid, it is believed, with dispatches for St. Petersburg.

#### RUSSIAN FIRE ON ENGLISH COLLIER.

FRANKFURT-ON-MAIN, Monday.—The "Frankfurter Zeitung" publishes a telegram from Tangier, dated yesterday, stating that several officers of the Russian Baltic Fleet have admitted in an interview that while on their voyage to Tangier the Russians fired at an English collier which was showing no lights. The effect is unknown.—Reuter.

#### BALTIC FLEET COALING AT TANGIER.

TANGIER, Monday.—The Russian warships here yesterday asked the Moorish authorities for lighters to assist them in coaling, but the request was refused.

To-day the Moors reconsidered their decision, and some lighters are now being sent off.—Reuter.

#### JUST IN TIME.

The Central News says that Count Lamdorff's dispatch, embodying the suggestion of the Tsar as to an International Court of Inquiry, reached London only at twelve o'clock last Friday.

The dispatch was immediately conveyed to the Foreign Office, and reached the Cabinet Council while the Ministers were still waiting for definite propositions from the Russian Government.

Warships will escort all mail steamers passing through the Straits of Gibraltar.

Seven Russian destroyers have arrived at Algiers from Tangier to coal.

There are now nearly 100 warships assembled at Portland practically ready for sea.

Yesterday Lord Charles Beresford paid a flying visit to Tangier on a torpedo-boat.

Russia has nominated Professor Martens as her legal representative on the court of international inquiry.

There are now in the neighbourhood of Vigo thirty-two British warships exercising the strictest vigilance over the Russian Baltic Squadron.

Some colliers bound for the Mediterranean which were intercepted in the Straits have arrived at Gibraltar, the Admiralty having bought their cargoes.

The owners of the steam trawler Sonntag, which was fired upon by the Russian Baltic Fleet, have presented claims for compensation to the Russian Government.

At present there are at Gibraltar, or in the neighbourhood, fourteen British battleships, thirteen first-class armoured and other cruisers, and a strong flotilla of torpedo-boat destroyers.

A squadron of submarines has arrived at Dover, and taken up its war position. The Home Fleet has moved south and concentrated at Portland, where the Cruiser Squadron is assembling.

Rather cold N.E. breezes; cloudy or dull. Generally damp and misty at times.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER (Lighting-up time: 5.31 p.m. Sea passages moderate to smooth generally.)

## COURT OF INQUIRY.

### Commission Will Probably Meet in France.

#### "THE CASE CLOSED."

Reuter's Agency learns that a special convention is being arranged between Great Britain and Russia with a view to the establishment of an International Commission of Inquiry to investigate the facts of the North Sea incident.

It is believed probable that the Commission will consist of high judicial authorities of neutral nationality aided by naval experts.

When the preliminary inquiries, which are being made at Hull and Vigo by the British and Russian authorities respectively, are completed delegates representing the cases of Great Britain and Russia will appear before the International Commission for the purpose of arguing the case and bringing forward witnesses, where necessary, who will be liable to cross-examination.

The venue of this Commission is not yet decided. It will probably be in France.

It is announced, says the Hull correspondent of the Press Association, that the engagement of Dr. Herbert Woodhouse to represent Russia at the adjourned inquiry on the victims of the North Sea outrage has been cancelled, "on the ground that the Russian Government now consider the case closed."

## CURIOUS RUSSIAN STORY.

### Were the Phantom Torpedo-boats from Yarrow's Yard?

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—With reference to the statement of the Japanese Government that since the beginning of the war it has neither purchased nor ordered warships in Great Britain, the "Bourse Gazette" to-day publishes a telegram from its London correspondent, declaring that two months ago there were two turbine boats lying in Messrs. Yarrow's yards on the Thames, which could have been converted into torpedo-boats in a very short space of time.

The correspondent continues: "I have been informed by shipbrokers in Leadenhall-street that Japan acquired both vessels. Might this not have some bearing on Admiral Rojestevsky's statement regarding the attack on the leading vessel of the Russian Fleet by two strange torpedo-boats?"

"It is quite possible that the purchase of the boats was not made on official instructions from Tokio, but it could be easily proved that many purchases have been made in London for the Japanese which were approved from Tokio only after the completion of the transactions."

"In any case, we have here positive confirmation of Admiral Rojestevsky's explanation of the encounter in the North Sea, and these facts may assist the court of inquiry in getting to the bottom of the affair."—Reuter.

## MAD WITH FRIGHT.

### Russian Warships Fire in Terror at a Small Skiff.

BERLIN, Monday.—The "Kieler Neueste Nachrichten" to-day recounts various instances of the nervousness shown by the officers and men of the Baltic Fleet.

"The German sailors were much amused," the journal says, "by the Russian fear of mines, and when the pilots pointed out the impossibility of mines floating about in neutral waters thronged with shipping the Russian officers only answered, 'Anything can be done for money.'"

"In the Great Belt the fleet began to fire indiscriminately at the shipping, and when it entered the Little Belt the flagship fired two shots at a small skiff which had inadvertently come within the danger radius. Fortunately no damage was done." The Press continues to maintain absolute silence with regard to the firing on the German trawler Sonntag.—Reuter.

## SELF-STYLED EMPEROR ARRESTED.

For refusing to give his name when requested upon arriving at Bari, Southern Italy, a young man was arrested who was said to be M. Jacques Lebandy, the self-styled Emperor of the Sahara.

It was announced from Rome last night that by order of the Italian Foreign Ministry "his Majesty" had been released.

Leeds has on its city register the names of 4,100 unemployed. To 750 married men the corporation is giving work.

"I think it was preordained I should steal," remarked a boy named Francis Naylor, when charged with stealing postal orders at Newcastle-on-Tyne yesterday.

A detective at the Birmingham Quarter Sessions yesterday said the prisoner was a "sarbut," which he explained was a "man who gets information from thieves for the police."

## ROYAL SYMPATHY.

### King Edward Shows His Interest in the Crane's Boatwain.

At the request of the King, Sir Frederick Treves, the world-famous surgeon, was present at the London Hospital yesterday during the operation on Henry Hoggart, the boatwain of the Crane.

Hoggart had been shot by the Russians through the left shoulder, had a fractured humerus, one hand was blown off above the wrist, and he had various wounds, including one in the neck two inches deep.

His Majesty took a special interest in Hoggart, who was by far the most badly injured.

Sir Frederick told Hoggart the King had sent a message sympathising with him and wishing him a speedy recovery. Hoggart was delighted, and cheered up wonderfully.

He bore the operation manfully, and later in the day Sir Frederick Treves reported the result to the King.

His Majesty has directed that he shall be informed of the boatwain's condition daily.

Hoggart's favourite joke is to point to the stump of his left arm and talk with a pathetic humour of his future with a monkey and a "hurdy-gurdy."

He has promised to play gratis to all the nursing staff, with whom he is a great favourite.

## DANGER NOT OVER.

### Russia United on the Torpedo-boat Story.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

VIGO, Monday.—It is understood that England has requested the Japanese authorities to make a statement regarding the presence of torpedo-boats in the North Sea with the purpose of their giving an official repudiation of the story, but whether that is done or not Russia intends to emerge from the North Sea incident with all the honours.

The Russians are absolutely united on the torpedo-boat story, the more so since they feel the sting of ridicule and the charge of "nervousness."

I am deeply impressed by the fact that the danger of hostilities is by no means over, and I would cite the confident, not to say truculent, attitude of the Russian Fleet and the absolute unanimity as to the truth of the torpedo-boat story in support of my view.

## JAPANESE CLEVERNESS.

### Authority on Nursing Praises Their War Arrangements.

Miss McCaul, who was received a few days ago by the Queen, on her return from an important mission to the Far East having for its object the study of the Japanese Red Cross Society, has given an interview to a Reuter representative. "There can be no doubt," she said, "that the Japanese are ahead of us in the management of field hospitals."

"No women nurses are allowed at the front, all the work being done by men."

"Both among the Russian and the Japanese wounded I found that the bullet holes were very small and clean wounds which healed very quickly. The Japanese gave me a complete infantry equipment and a collection of ambulance appliances to bring home to show to people in England."

## SCHOOL OF WHALES.

### Giant Mammal Dives Under Hamburg-American Liner.

The passengers of the Hamburg-American liner Phœnicia, which called at Dover yesterday on her way to New York, witnessed an extraordinary sight when some fifty miles off the North Foreland.

Captain B. Foster, the pilot, said that when they were approaching the North Linder lightship in the North Sea he observed what seemed to be several large jets of steam being projected high into the air.

It was soon seen that a school of whales were approaching. A little later one of the mammals, which was judged to be quite 80 ft. in length, suddenly came up very close to the liner's port side, and, being alarmed, arched its back and dived clean under the huge ship—coming up again about a half-mile off.

Captain Foster states he has never seen a school of whales so near the Dover Straits before.

Mr. Frederick Langworthy, a Bristol solicitor, began to practise in 1869 with £100 lent by a friend. At a meeting of his creditors yesterday it was stated that he now owed £36,000, of which £26,000 was unsecured.

## ADVANCE ON MUKDEN.

### Japanese Army Following Up Its Victory.

#### PORT ARTHUR DEFIANT.

The Japanese army is now crossing the Sha-ho River in force. This forward movement follows the arrival of very considerable reinforcements.

As the Russian positions between the Sha-ho and Mukden are strongly fortified, another great battle may be expected this week.

Already an attack has been developed upon the left wing of the Russian army, but it is believed that this is a feint. The real Japanese attack will probably be delivered upon the Russian right, which covers the road to Mukden.

The assault upon Port Arthur is also being pressed with tremendous activity.

It is believed, however, that two more assaults must be delivered before an attempt can be made to carry the main forts.

## KUROPATKIN REINFORCED.

### Greatest Battle of the War About to Begin.

GENERAL OKU'S HEADQUARTERS (undated).—The lines are so close that outposts are impossible, and at night pickets creep out a few yards on both sides, retiring again before dawn. Nervous tension is reaching breaking point, and a great battle might be precipitated by a single man losing presence of mind under the strain.

The first use of searchlights in field operations during this war is now being made by the Russians. Kuropatkin has been largely reinforced since Liao-yang.

The Japanese are in excellent physical condition, and it is believed the next movement will bring about the greatest battle in the war.—Reuter.

MUKDEN, Monday.—After several days of quietness big guns commenced booming in the south-east last night, continuing until early this morning.

Fighting is taking place between reconnoitering parties. The Japanese have crossed the Sha-ho in the south-east. A big battle is expected this week.

Unless the Russians are successful it will probably be the last under the present arrangement. A complete reorganisation of the army is in progress.—Reuter.

## STOESSEL'S RESOLVE.

### Will Not Surrender While 1,000 Men Are Left.

The cordon around Port Arthur is drawing nearer, and a terrific bombardment is now taking place.

The garrison is said to be much depressed by the non-arrival of the Baltic Fleet and by General Kuropatkin's failure to relieve the stronghold.

General Stoessel is quoted as saying that, while one thousand men were left, he would not surrender.

The most recent success gained by the Japanese was the capture of a position on the slopes of Erlungshan.

The side of the hill was almost vertical, and the Japanese used the holes caused by the shells as footholds, successfully storming it in the face of fierce resistance after half an hour.

It is stated that the Japanese have renewed their proposal of surrender to General Stoessel in terms which would amply save the military honour of the garrison.

The Batavier, with President Kruger's body on board, sailed from Rotterdam yesterday for South Africa. Dr. Leyds was a passenger.

At Chadwell, Hertfordshire, yesterday a commercial traveller, named Frederick Bew, was found in his garden with his throat cut. He died while being taken to the hospital.

Twenty shillings fine was inflicted on a constable at Enfield Police Court yesterday for striking with a stick a young man whom he suspected of warning Sunday gamblers of his approach.

During his present visit to England Herr Ballin is, it is stated, negotiating for the building of a new liner of about 25,000 tons for the Hamburg-American Line.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

Owing to the great demand for advertisement space in the "Daily Mirror," we regret we are compelled to hold over several advertisements from to-day's issue. These will appear as soon as possible.



# MR. LENO DEAD.

Famous Comedian Succumbs to Heart Failure.

## HIS OWN LIFE STORY.

From Clog Dancer to King's Jester.

After years of intermittent ill-health Mr. Dan Leno, the famous comedian, died of heart failure at his house in Clapham Park yesterday morning. The merry little man, whose inimitable manner, quaint "business," and wonderful patter, have made him such a universal favourite, had long been suffering from a form of mental paralysis, and though the end came rather suddenly it was not altogether unexpected.

His was a strange and chequered career. As a young man he had a hard struggle to make a bare living, and a few years ago he said to a friend, "I should like to make £500 a week." He was at the time earning over £300 a week, and said he did not want the money for his own sake, but he wanted to be able to say he had earned it.

### His Autobiography.

In the autobiography which he wrote last year he said:—

"I came into the world without a penny in my pocket. The incident occurred at King's Cross, London. I made my first public appearance at the Cosmothea, a music-hall in the Edgware-road, at the age of three.

"I was an acrobat, but when five years old I had an accident, and that put an end to my acrobatic performances, so I took to dancing instead. My father died about this time, and my stepfather's name was Leno. That name I adopted.

"I made my next appearance with my brother at a music-hall in the north of London. We danced on the stage surrounded by mirrors. In 1867 my parents went to Edinburgh. They intended to return to London, but it was not until 1881 that I appeared in London again.

"I had a chequered career at first, often going hungry and footsore for days when times were bad.

### Fame as a Clog-dancer.

"I won my fame in the first instance with my clog-dancing. In 1880 the contest for a championship belt for clog-dancing was announced at Leeds, and I won it. It was then I adopted the name of Dan Leno. Before that I was 'George.'

"I won the belt three times. Then the judges awarded it to someone else. I disputed their verdict and dispute it still. However, the 'winner' lost it the next year. I won it, and still hold it.

"I appeared in London as a clog-dancer at Gaiety, Forester's, and the Middlesex. But the public preferred my songs. I became a comedian, and have remained one ever since."

Dying in his forty-fourth year, the genial little man won his way from penury to riches; from obscurity to being the most famous comic singer of the world, who had been commanded to appear before the King of England.

Of that event he wrote:—

"It was the greatest day of my life, and my happiness was complete when the King shook me by the hand and the Queen took my hand in hers."

The pantomime-loving public will sorely miss him from Drury Lane this year, and so will those who worked there with him.

### Sorrow to the Profession.

Mr. Arthur Collins, the manager of the Drury Lane Theatre, yesterday expressed his great sorrow to hear that the comedian was no more.

"He was genial and popular with all the members of the company, and always had a stock of unmercenary jokes. Indeed, with Dan on the boards rehearsals took largely of the nature of little friendly parties," he said.

"Only three weeks ago he supped with Mr. Hickory Wood and myself in town. We discussed his part in the forthcoming pantomime. He was then most enthusiastic about it, quite looking forward to its production."

Mr. Frank Glenister, the manager of the Pavilion Music Hall, where the popular comedian made his last appearance some ten days ago, said:

### His Last Joke.

"The last time he came to rehearsal he came on in a very jolly sort of way, and everybody was delighted to welcome him.

"Then he felt in his pocket. 'No, I've come back,' said Dan, producing an enormous old-fashioned pistol, and pointing it to the band, 'I'm going to shoot you all if you don't play properly.'"

"He was the most open-hearted, liberal man I ever met," said Mr. Jesse Sparrow, the manager of the Camberwell Music Hall, who was intimate with Dan Leno for twenty-two years. "He was quite reckless over money, and was always putting his hand in his pocket to help others."

"He himself always attributed his recent brain trouble to a fall off his bicycle."

Some characteristic anecdotes of Mr. Leno appear on page 7.

## "C.O.D." DROPPED.

"Withdrawn, with Regret," by the Postmaster-General.

About fifty representatives of various retail trades were received at the G.P.O. by Lord Stanley yesterday, and, after a vigorous protest against the proposed cash-on-delivery system had been entered, the Postmaster-General withdrew the proposal, so far as this country is concerned.

"I withdraw it with regret," he said; "the opposition is so strong, and I regret that the opposition is so strong."

The chief objections put forward by the deputations were that:—

It was a system fraught with many complications. It would aim a blow at the small shopkeeper and the rating authority.

It would offer advantages to the fraudulent advertiser.

It would throw out of employment 77,300 commercial travellers—15,000 in London alone.

Replying to the deputation Lord Stanley told them that the Post Office must do as was thought best for the majority of the community, and traders must not imagine that they were the whole of the people of the country.

In conclusion, Lord Stanley said that, as the opposition was so strong, he did not intend to put C.O.D. into effect in this country, but he promised to introduce some system dealing with the Colonies so as to facilitate trade between the Colonies and Great Britain.

## CAUTIOUS AMER.

Asked To Visit India, Fears He May Lose His Throne.

PESHAWAR, October 5.—The following advices have been received here from Kabul:—

It is said in Kabul that the British Government has asked the Ameer to proceed to India on a friendly visit during the winter season, in order to afford the public a practical proof of the friendship existing between Afghanistan and Great Britain.

The Ameer has issued a statement to the effect that a visit by him to India is not likely to produce any good result, because, should any disturbance occur in Kabul during his absence, the Government, instead of helping him, would be ready to detain him in custody and offer the Afghan throne to some other person.

It is said that the Ameer has had the following proclamation hung up in a glass case in the Kabul Kotwal:—

The Ameer takes God to be his witness that he has pardoned all the refugees in Russia, Persia, and India, except Mohammed Ayub and Yakub Sher Ali Khan and one Isa Khan (2 Isahak Khan), who, being born of an Armani woman, is a foul traitor.—Reuter.

## TO THE UTMOST FARTHING.

Victorious "Wee Kirk" Ministers Demand All the Church's Property.

The thirty Free Church ministers of Scotland to whom the House of Lords decision gave all the property of the United Free Church have sent to the beaten party a demand for all the property, churches, manse, and funds. The uttermost farthing is to be exacted.

The demand has created much indignation in Scotland. There are 1,100 churches with manse, and if the property is not handed over quietly the ministers occupying them will be exicted.

## BABY DIES FROM ALCOHOLISM.

At an inquest at Kensington yesterday on the body of a baby, aged twenty-one months, a doctor stated that death was due to chronic alcoholism.

The mother explained that the child was prematurely born, and that a doctor told her that its life could only be prolonged by giving it brandy and water.

The jury returned a verdict that death was accelerated by improper feeding, and requested the coroner to censure the mother.

In doing so the coroner again called attention to the appalling rate of mortality amongst infants due to improper feeding.

## DEATH OF A VETERAN HUNTSMAN.

The death occurred at Ruswarp, near Whitby, on Saturday, of Mr. John Carr, a veteran of the chase, whose photograph appears on page 8. Deceased was in his ninety-fifth year, and from being eleven years old up to the time he was eighty-two years of age he regularly rode to the hounds.

He was huntsman for some years of the Eskdale pack, and was known as a daring and most skilful rider.

As Christmas falls on a Sunday this year the Early Closing Association is making a great effort to induce employers to close their shops on the Tuesday, to make up for the day's holiday which the workers will otherwise lose.

## ROSEBERY DICTA.

Two Speeches in Grave and Gay Vein at Kingston.

## NEGLECTED SCOTT NOVEL.

At Kingston-on-Thames, yesterday, the Earl of Rosebery sounded a note of warning to those who have been clamouring for an instant settlement of England's difficulty with Russia.

As high steward of the borough he opened the municipal museum and art gallery, which has been erected at a cost of £6,000, and speaking at a luncheon afterwards said:—

"I would say one word in regard to that (the Baltic outrage) dispute, and it is this, that we do not sufficiently put ourselves in the position of the other side. I cannot conceive any justification that is possible for the abominable outrage that was committed on our fleet."

"But when our countrymen clamoured on learning of the news on Monday—that something violent should be done on Tuesday, they were apt to forget that the movements of Governments are slow, and that any self-respecting Government must make inquiries of its own agent on the spot and receive a report from its own agent on the spot before it is able, however ready it may be, to render the most complete satisfaction to the offended parties."

## Blessings of Civilisation.

The speech which his Lordship delivered earlier in the day in the museum itself was in a lighter vein. He referred to the boasting about the blessings of our present-day civilisation which is so often heard, and said he wondered what our Saxon forefathers would think about it if they could return to see it.

Their Saxon fathers themselves had a very considerable civilisation, which perhaps was most vividly portrayed in the pages of Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe," he said, although he was told that nobody but people of his age read "Ivanhoe" now—they had some superior authors of the name of Henty and the like.

## HALLOWE'EN IN LONDON.

Children Sing Songs to Fairies While Sweethearts Burn Lovers' Nuts.

Last night was Hallowe'en—variously known as All Hallows Eve and All Saints Eve—when Scots annually celebrate one of the brightest domestic evenings in their Calendar of Mirth.

Hallowe'en is cherished by Scotsmen mainly as a children's carnival.

On its perpetuation depends the fairy lore and superstition to which the Celtic temperament clings firmly and fondly.

London Scots are not a whit behind their "brithers" who have stayed on the home side of the Tweed. In hundreds of London Scottish families last night children ducked for apples in wash-tubs, bit at the swinging fruit that dangled from the ceiling, and sang songs to the fairies.

Elder sons and daughters burned nuts, fondly trusting they would simmer away harmoniously together instead of parting with a dramatic puff that betokens disaster to love's young dream.

## VICAR'S OPINION OF SUNDAY BAND.

It is not often that a clergyman makes such a strongly-worded protest as that which the Rev. Dr. Fryer, vicar of All Saints', Scarborough, has made against the proposal that a band should play on the Spa of that town on Sunday evenings.

He writes in his journal that it would be a piece of bare-faced, cold-blooded money-grubbing and mammon worship.

"The innovation would be mercenary, unnecessary, inexpedient, selfish in aim, and mischievous in far-reaching results."

## LEYTONSTONE CELLAR MURDER.

William Hoffmann, who gave himself up to the Dover police and confessed to the murder of his young housekeeper, Helen Walden, at Leytonstone, was brought to London yesterday, and will be charged at Stratford Police Court to-day.

A photograph of Helen Walden appears on page 8.

## BOYISH LABOUR DISPUTE.

Incensed at the discharge of a youth employed on the Ealing and Harrow Extension Line, some half a dozen of his companions have made a demonstration in force at Perivale Station (near Ealing). They got no further than the entrance, however, where this juvenile rebellion was quelled by the local police.

Lord Avebury, speaking in favour of free trade at the London Institution last night, said that England's commerce was the largest in the world, and had increased quite as much as anyone had a right to reasonably expect.

## INCOMPETENT OFFICERS.

Bad Spellers and Prone to "Ignore the Enemy."

It is some considerable time since a more sweeping indictment of British Army officers has been made than that contained in a document just circulated by General Hutchinson.

The following are some typical strictures, as the result of observations at the examination for promotion of officers:—

A regrettable feature of the examination was the bad spelling, combined with an inability to express themselves clearly, of a large number of the candidates.

In describing the results of the examination as "indifferent," the report notes:—

Failure on the part of the candidates to correctly appreciate the situation and to weigh the possibilities and probabilities of the enemy's action.

The majority of the examinees ignored the enemy or gave him little credit for intelligence. Lack of ability to read the map.

Inability to place troops on the map so that the disposition could be clearly understood. Carelessness in reading the questions.

## A TINY "TEMPEST."

Pretty Private Performance at His Majesty's Theatre Yesterday.

Mr. Tree's enthusiasm must be infectious.

In "The Tempest" he employs a number of little girls. To some of these mites it occurred that it would be very nice for once to be "principals" in the play instead of "extra ladies." So they learnt and rehearsed the whole piece under the guidance of the call-boy, and when they were ready they asked Mr. Tree if they might act it on the stage.

"Certainly," said Mr. Tree, and lent them the theatre yesterday afternoon, when their mothers and aunts and little sisters mustered in great force.

It was the prettiest sight imaginable. The tiny Caliban gave a finished imitation of Mr. Tree, and Mr. Tree looked on and laughed outright. Ariel was a perfect darling. Prospero had a grave dignity that was quite fascinating.

The whole piece went through without a hitch. The prompter's voice was never once heard. As for the call-boy, he covered himself with glory—even to the extent of requesting Mr. Tree to leave the wings "because, sir, you get in our way."

There was at least one hardened playgoer there who had not enjoyed anything so much for years.

## NEWS SEEN IN PICTURES.

Dean Explains the Striking Success of the "Daily Mirror."

The latest development of modern journalism, of which the *Daily Mirror* is the most striking example, was referred to by Dean Lefroy in a sermon he preached at Norwich Cathedral.

The Dean said that in the hurry of the twentieth century we seemed compelled to take in knowledge of current events in a pictorial form.

This accounted for the extraordinary growth of pictorial journals in the last few years.

Many folk could not afford time to go through the ordinary daily Press, still less our "Times" newspaper, and they found it a relief to turn to the illustrated papers and there see the events of the day presented in pictorial form.

## MEDAL FOR BABY HERO.

James Nield, a child of five years of age, was at Blackburn presented with a silver medal yesterday for his heroic rescue of his baby brother from fire.

The two children were sleeping alone in a house when James was awakened by an outbreak of fire in their bedroom. He rushed out into the street, but, hearing his baby brother screaming, ran back and carried him out, the house being afterwards burnt to the ground.

## SATANIC STATUE FOR SALE.

Mr. Wilson, of Tuxford Hall, Notts, who died recently, was in his lifetime a wealthy eccentric. In his grounds he constructed a deep pit, which represented "Hell," presided over by a figure of Satan, bound to the earth with chains.

These singular relics are now to be offered for sale.

## Family Washing

is only half as much labour since Fels-Naphtha came; and clothes last two or three times as long.

Go by the book.

Fels-Naphtha 35 Wilson street London E.C.



## YESTERDAY'S DIVORCES.

### Solicitor Sees a Strange Apparition at Midnight.

### TELEGRAM BRINGS TROUBLE.

Several strange stories were told in the Divorce Court yesterday when Sir Francis Jeune had before him a list of twelve "undefended cases."

Mr. Francis Stephen Robinson is a well-known Blackheath solicitor. Last year he was living with his wife at Allborough House, Westbourne Park-road.

Returning unexpectedly one night from Hampstead he was standing in the front garden finishing his cigar when suddenly a tall man advanced to the gate. Before Mr. Robinson could step forward his wife ran to the gate, and spoke to the man, who vanished as silently as he had come.

Some few nights afterwards there were mysterious sounds in the house in the small hours. Mr. Robinson looked out of a window and saw a tall figure escaping from the grounds.

A little while after that Mr. Robinson had to sit up very late over some work. As he sat there came a tap at the window. He went to the door, and there in front of him stood a tall figure, the same as he had seen before.

"Is Miss Lane in?" muttered the figure. Miss Lane was a servant in the house, and the master told the intruder that he had no business to ask such questions at that time of night.

Mr. Robinson, becoming very angry, then made a systematic inquiry into the reason of these apparitions. He found that his wife had been carrying on an intrigue with a local lamp-lighter!

The solicitor was granted a divorce yesterday.

### TALE OF THE GOOD YOUNG MAN.

Arthur Edward Rabbetts, who is a steward on a liner, was an impetuous young man of only twenty years of age in 1896. In that year he became infatuated with a Southampton girl—a girl whom he met in the Southampton streets. Thinking, as he explained to the Court yesterday, that the girl was much superior to the unhappy class to which she belonged, and could be reclaimed, he married her.

Then a good young man came on the scene. When Rabbetts returned from a voyage he learnt from his wife that she had made friends with a nice young man named Wallis, who was very religious. Mr. Wallis, she said, was a leading member of a mission hall which she attended, and preached on the Freemantle beach.

Rabbetts saw no harm in this acquaintance, and when he sailed away again had consented to Wallis being taken in as a lodger in his house.

Then came disillusionment. There were reports that Mrs. Rabbetts and the good young man had been seen intoxicated together. Wallis was forbidden the house, but Rabbetts found a bribe paid to the man to leave the house when he returned from another voyage. He was given a decree nisi.

### MYSTERY OF THE ANONYMOUS TELEGRAM.

The married life of Dr. Herbert Knevit, of Elm Villas, Ealing, had been very unhappy when the following strange event occurred.

His wife had been separated from him some little while, an arrangement that they should live apart having been come to on account of the lady's violence. One evening the following telegram—sent by whom he knew not—was handed to him:—

"You fool. All Ealing is laughing at you. Inquire Coram-street, where Rothwell visited your wife night after night. She is now in his arms at the Royal York Hotel, Brighton."

To Coram-street and the Royal York Hotel Dr. Knevit accordingly went. He was told at the hotel that a Mr. and Mrs. Rothwell were visitors. They were out, but had arranged to dine in the hotel at 6 p.m.

But when they came back and found who had been inquiring for them they packed up and returned to town by the 5 p.m. train—diminished. This case resulted, too, in a decree nisi.

### ELOPEMENT MYSTERY SOLVED.

Where was Mrs. Phillips?

Mr. Justice Bruce, in the Divorce Court yesterday, was told how this question, which some time ago greatly puzzled Mr. Phillips, formerly a grocer at Pontypool, was eventually solved.

Mrs. Phillips came into an income of £400 a year and then disappeared. A young man, named Brown, Mr. Phillips's assistant, had also disappeared.

Then it came to Mr. Phillips's knowledge that a Twickenham bookseller had received the following message from a lady customer: "Mrs. Brown will be glad if Mr. Pritchard will send her the 'Mystery of the Castle Gloom.' It has been published over a week."

This note enabled Mr. Phillips to establish the fact that Mrs. Phillips was living with the youth, Brown, as his wife—and to get a divorce yesterday.

To-morrow a statue will be unveiled in the churchyard of St. Giles, Cripplegate, in honour of the poet Milton.

## SAVED BY A BUTTON.

### Lovers' Tiff Narrowly Escapes a Tragic Ending.

The chance intervention of a button has saved a lovers' tiff from what might have been a tragic ending.

The incident was described at Marylebone Police Court yesterday when Jean Pasquereau, a waiter of French nationality, was charged with wounding Maud Chailis, a cook, in service at Powis-square, Bayswater, and with attempting suicide.

When Pasquereau called to see his sweetheart, the cook, on Sunday evening, she sent him out for some beer. Upon his return he drank it all, and the cook called out: "Oh, greedy! You are drinking it all, and I have paid for it!"

She explained to the magistrate that the remark was only made in fun, but that Pasquereau took it seriously, and that when a little later she again chaffed him he attacked her with a table-knife.

Pasquereau then tried to inflict a dangerous injury upon himself, but the blade caught on one of the buttons of his coat and snapped into three pieces.

In answer to the magistrate, the cook said that Pasquereau was "frightfully jealous." The prisoner's explanation was that the whole affair was an accident.

The magistrate fined him £5, and bound him over in £10, saying he had got off very lightly.

## COLONEL'S LIBEL ACTION.

### Officer's Conduct of the Sale of Stores Criticised.

A libel action brought by Colonel Morgan against the "Daily News" was mentioned before Mr. Justice Grantham, in the King's Bench Division, yesterday.

Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., asked that an early date for the trial should be fixed under special circumstances. It was an action by Colonel Morgan against the "Daily News" for libelling him in his capacity as Director of the Store Supply in South Africa under Lord Kitchener and his successors.

The libel, continued counsel, substantially charged Colonel Morgan with being a party to the sale of stores at very low prices in order that a very large profit should be recouped, of which he was to get a share.

His Lordship said he would order that the case should be taken on March 4, if possible, and not before March 1.

## GIRLS' ADMISSIONS OF FOLLY.

### Casual Acquaintance Prosecuted for Stealing Their Money.

Two girls, who charged a young barman named Percy Farnish, at Marylebone, yesterday, with having tricked them out of their money, showed by their stories that they had been quite ready to trust a stranger whom they had casually met in the street.

One of them, Beatrice Harman, a domestic servant, said that after a walk in Hyde Park she accepted Farnish's offer to take a drink in a public-house, and acceded to his request that he should take care of her purse, which contained her watch. He made pretence to leave the public-house for a minute, but did not return.

Florence Skinner, an accountant, told a similar story. She met Farnish, whom she had not known previously, in Edgware-road. He said, "Little girl, you are proud," and went on to say that he had just come from the Colonies and was very wealthy.

She alleged that they were leaving a public-house together when he asked her to let him take care of her purse, and subsequently left her without restoring it.

Farnish was remanded.

## TO PROVE HER SANITY.

The Court of Appeal was asked yesterday to permit proceedings to prove the sanity of a lady, Eleanor Vanse Walker, who was found to be insane so long ago as 1889.

She had an income of £3,000 a year, and wished to prove her capacity to execute a will in order to provide for relations dependent on her.

The case was adjourned.

## SCOTSMAN'S "DEGENERACY."

In answer to Mr. Fordham, the North London magistrate, an elderly bookbinder named Donald McKay, who pleaded guilty to being drunk, said it was not Scotch whisky, but gin-and-water by which he had been overcome.

Mr. Fordham: A degenerate drink for a man with such an honoured name. Pay three shillings, or go to prison for three days.

Two page boys, named Pilkington and Everitt, were bound over at Marlborough-street yesterday for stealing 3s. 8d. from their employers, Messrs. Dickens and Jones.

## MILK AND TYPHOID.

### Dairy's Alleged Responsibility for a Lady's Death.

Mr. Justice Grantham and a special jury were occupied for the greater part of yesterday in considering an action raising issues of much importance to milkmen and their customers.

A Mr. Ralph Frost, who lives at Ealing, last July lost his wife, who died of typhoid fever. He alleges that the cause of Mrs. Frost's death can be traced to milk supplied at the Ealing depot of the Aylesbury Dairy Co., Ltd.

The company guaranteed their milk as pure, and Mr. Frost is suing them for damages for breach of warranty.

Mr. Duke, K.C., the plaintiff's counsel, stated that at the time of Mrs. Frost's death there were twenty-three other cases of typhoid fever in the district, and that in every instance it was found that the milk supply was obtained from the Ealing depot of the Aylesbury Dairy Co.

It was then discovered that part of the company's supply of milk came from a farmer named Keovil at Shivenham, and that there was a case of typhoid in the dairywoman's cottage, her son being very ill with it, and, in fact, dying from the disease.

The supply of milk from that farm was stopped, but unfortunately the mischief had then been done. The hearing was adjourned.

## BLAMING A STORM.

### Lady's Nerves Upset by an Alarming Shopping Experience.

A claim for damages arising out of a remarkable accident was heard by Mr. Justice Burchill and a common jury yesterday.

The action was brought by a Mrs. Bland Holliday against Mr. Marcell, an upholsterer, in Westbourne-grove.

On January 14 last, shortly before her marriage, Mrs. Holliday was in the defendant's establishment, making purchases, when, without warning, the ceiling-scaffold and cornice of the building crashed through the roof, killing an assistant and injuring several other persons, including plaintiff.

Mrs. Holliday said she had sustained serious injuries to her head and shock to her nervous system, and had since been unable to follow her employment.

The defence was that the accident was caused by a severe storm, and was not due to defendant's negligence.

The jury disagreed and were discharged.

## CRUEL STEPMOTHER.

### Boy Driven Under His Bed and Brutally Beaten.

A bright little boy, nine years of age, named Sidney Harback, told a pitiful story at West Ham Police Court yesterday of his stepmother's cruelty to him.

She came to him when he was in bed, he said, and made him get out and go under the bed. When she went downstairs he began to cry.

She came up again and hit him with a broom while he was under the bed, and she also kicked him on the head and the face with her shoes.

Two of the other children said their stepmother did not treat Sidney the same as she did the other children. He did not get as much food as they did, and the other children had given him some of theirs.

The stepmother, Alice Harback, pleaded that she had been under the influence of drink. The magistrate sent her to gaol for a month with hard labour.

Her husband, James Harback, who was charged with attempting to commit suicide by taking spirits of salts, was released after he had promised to be of good behaviour in the future. "That woman has been my ruin," he said, referring to his wife.

## PUNCH AND JUDY STILL POPULAR.

Proof that the Punch and Judy show still retains its popularity was afforded yesterday by the charge against John Baughman, who was bound over at Marlborough-street for causing an obstruction in Oxford-street on Saturday evening.

Such a large crowd—more than 200 persons—gathered to witness Baughman's Punch and Judy that traffic was seriously impeded.

## CONSTABLE'S OBSERVANT EYE.

On duty in Hatton-garden late at night, Police-constable Pierce saw marks of blood on the railings in front of a merchant's office, and found that an area window had been broken.

Entering the premises he discovered two men, named John Williams and George Wright, hiding under a desk. The Clerkenwell magistrate yesterday committed the men for trial for house-breaking.

In the case of Dr. Richard Blackburn Gorsuch, charged at Bow-street with attempting suicide, the magistrate yesterday, after reading the doctor's report, ordered the prisoner to be sent to an infirmary.

## THE SLATER CASE.

### Pollard's Evidence at the Old Bailey.

## DETECTIVE'S GENEROSITY.

An end came at the Old Bailey yesterday to the monotonous recital of evidence given in the Divorce Court, which had already occupied three days of the Slater trial.

The six defendants looked up expectantly as the name of Thomas Pollard was called and the chief witness in the previous proceedings entered the box. He replied in cool, unembarrassed tones to the questions of Sir Edward Carson, the Solicitor-General.

The Solicitor-General's opening questions dealt with Pollard's meeting with the defendant Davies at Plymouth. "I didn't know he was a detective," said Mr. Pollard.

Mr. Pollard told how the detective bought him "whisky and soda and boots," and took him for a drive when "the coachman was so drunk he fell off the box."

Then Davies suggested they should go to Jersey, and when he objected that he had no money Davies said "That's all right."

On arrival at Jersey Davies took him to "a house with green shutters."

## Meeting with Osborn.

Later Osborn made an appointment with him at Plymouth, and when the two met Osborn informed him his wife was to take proceedings against him. "She has finished with you," Osborn told me, and insinuated that I had miscondacted myself with women, Mr. Pollard said.

Mr. Pollard denied most solemnly that he had ever miscondacted himself with Maud Goodman.

Next Mr. Gill rose, and proceeded to cross-examine Pollard, informing the Judge: "I propose to show the jury that this witness is quite incapable of giving a straightforward answer on any matter." Then Mr. Gill remorselessly proceeded to cross-examine Mr. Pollard as to his first wife, who died a year after marriage, and left him money. Two years after his second marriage his wife had to work as they had no means.

Pressed by Mr. Gill, he even admitted that he had "pawed sheets," and been a frequent visitor at public-houses.

Mr. Gill: What did you do when you were not in public-house?

Pollard: I walked about when it was fine.

Mr. Gill: When it was wet I suppose you stopped in bed? Heaven forbid that you should have worked. Have you done a day's work for two years?—No, but I have helped friends.

## Judicial Humour.

Mr. Gill: To do nothing.

His Lordship: What is your business?

Witness stated that he had been "in the tea trade," and had also been "an insurance broker." Later he had suffered from paralysis.

Mr. Gill: But you have been able to walk about during the day.

His Lordship (gravely): He has undergone a very thorough treatment in public-house.

Continuing, Pollard stated that the King's Proctor had allowed him 15s. a week while the case was proceeding, and he had been bought "a brand new suit" for this trial.

Mr. Gill: Did they give you a few shillings to spend in the evening, and take you out?—No, only my "bus fare."

His Lordship: They must have done Mr. Gill, or he would have pawed the sheets.

Sir Edward Carson: The real terror must have been that he would paw the new suit.

## Maud Goodman's Evidence.

The next witness was Maud Goodman.

She told of Osborn's visit to Plymouth to get her to identify a photograph of Mr. Pollard and to sign a document to compromise him.

Osborn, in a hotel bar, offered her a sovereign to sign this statement, and said, "If you don't sign it someone else will."

The case was again adjourned.

Mr. Mead, the Thames magistrate, remarked to an applicant yesterday: "Brewers never appear happy unless they are taking advantage of their tenants. I am continually being told it is the usual thing."

## CLARK'S BLOOD MIXTURE

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is warranted to Cleanse the Blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. In case of Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Blood Poison, Boils, Pimples, Rheumatism, Gout and all Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of testimonials of wonderful cures from all parts of the world.

Sold by Chemists everywhere, 3/6 per Bottle.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.



# NEWS IN BRIEF FROM ALL PARTS.

The American Ambassador left London yesterday for Inverness.

During the past fortnight forty cases of smallpox have been notified at Oldham, as against twenty-eight in the preceding fortnight.

Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine, R.A.M.C., on his return from India has been appointed to the medical command of the First Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot.

"They took my liberty yesterday, and now they want to take my money. I'll do the time," disgustedly exclaimed a watchman fined for drunkenness at Brentford yesterday.

Sir Samuel Montagu has again been appointed president of the East London Apprenticing Fund, which during its existence has been the means of apprenticing over seven hundred young people to useful occupations.

## LINCOLN'S INN.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, treasurer of Lincoln's Inn, finds that he will not be able to dine in Hall there on the Grand Day of Michaelmas Term, on Thursday, November 17, as previously arranged.

## STEPNEY'S FARM COLONY.

The Stepney Guardians are pleased with their experimental cultivation of surplus land adjoining their new schools at Stifford.

During the past season the Bromley and Ratcliff workhouses have been supplied with all their potatoes, and even the pig farm is successful.

## ANOTHER THAMES MYSTERY.

Early yesterday morning the body of a man of about forty years of age was recovered from the Thames, off Kingston railway bridge.

The body had evidently been in the water for about three weeks, but identification has not yet been established.

## POULTRY TWICE STOLEN.

On arresting two men at Preston carrying stolen poultry, a police constable called upon James Hughes to assist him.

Instead, however, of securing one of the prizes he seized the bag containing the cocks and hens and made off. On a charge of stealing stolen poultry he has been committed for trial.

## STRIKE THAT FAILED.

Yesterday morning the last stage of the strike of Covent Garden porters was reached, when a large number of union men applied for employment in the Floral Hall.

Non-union men were given preference by the firms, who afterwards engaged some of the union men, the remainder being cleared from the hall by the police.

## HORSE IN A DRAIN-PIPE.

As a horse and trap was passing down Tredgar-road, Bow, yesterday, the horse slipped into a large excavation made by the main drainage contractors.

It fell head first into a huge drain-pipe, and imprisoned a workman who was engaged closing the joints from the inside. When extricated an hour afterwards the horse was dead.

## SECURING THE SPOILS.

Following the abortive attempt at compromise between the rival Scottish Churches, the "Wee" Church authorities have now served notice on the "Free" Church claiming all the property in the churches, manse, and missions falling under the judgment of the House of Lords.

This indicates that the legal rights of the victorious party will be rigorously enforced.

## WAITRESSES FOR GUARDIANS.

Lambeth Guardians have decided that whilst they are partaking of their weekly cold lunch for the future at the workhouse two maids from the local Nurses' Institute shall wait upon them.

A lady guardian who entered an objection to the proposal—on the ground that it would lead to flirtation between the junior clerks and the maids—was overruled by the guardians.

## HEARTY CENTENARIAN.

James Arrowsmith, of Brunswick-street, Leigh, Lancashire, has attained his hundredth year with unimpaired faculties, except for slight deafness.

He reads without spectacles, drinks temperately, and eats well. His descendants living include five children, seven grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.

His father, who died many years ago, was also a centenarian.

## MISS CORELLI ON FOOTBALL.

Miss Marie Corelli, addressing a crowded audience at the Palace Theatre, Leicester, confessed that she knew nothing about football, but she noticed that fair play was always insisted on. She thought that was why it was such a national game.

She did not believe that men who played football, as Britishers play it, with pluck, pertinacity, and go, would be likely to behave in the style of certain gallant officers of the Baltic Fleet.

Lord Wynford, who has just died, only succeeded his cousin as fifth baron in October last year.

At Bristol has been appointed a trustee of the estate of William F. Langworthy, solicitor. Liabilities and assets stated as £26,000 and £14,000.

Prince Alexander of Teck will next Sunday unveil the stained-glass window placed in St. Luke's Church, Kingston-on-Thames, in memory of his mother, the late Duchess of Teck.

Speaking at the Rudge-Whitworth meeting at Birmingham, Mr. Wallis, the chairman, said they were as well prepared as any firm to meet the reduced prices in cycles which would rule in future.

A woman complained at Southwark that a pair of gold earrings and a valuable cross were missing from her handbag, which was kept at Kennington-road Police-station whilst she was undergoing imprisonment.

Lady Gardiner, widow of General Sir Henry Lyndoch Gardiner, K.C.V.O., Equeury to Queen Victoria, and afterwards Groom-in-Waiting and Bath King at Arms, died yesterday morning at Thatched House Lodge, Richmond Park, aged eighty-three years.

## MUNICIPAL LODGING-HOUSES.

With reference to the new lodging-house organ the London County Council are about to erect in Drury-lane at a cost of £50,000, it is pointed out that the lodging-house they already possess in the same locality is never full.

During the past month there were from thirty to sixty beds unoccupied every night, the charge for which is 6d. It seems doubtful therefore if the new house will be a success, especially at the increased charge of 7d. for a bed, which is necessary to allow a possibility of this latest municipal enterprise proving remunerative.

## HOW PINS RUST.

What becomes of all the pins, pens, and needles has been settled to the satisfaction of a Liverpool doctor by experiment in his garden.

Hairpins, which he watched for 154 days, were worn away with rust by that time. Brass pins only last a very short time.

For highly-polished pins it required nearly a year and a half for their dissolution, while for polished needles nearly two years and a half are taken. Steel pens disappear after fifteen months, while their wooden holders are still intact.

## SOLDIERS' FRIEND DEAD.

The death has taken place at Edinburgh of Miss Edwina Lloyd, who for the last twenty-two years had acted as hon. superintendent of the Soldiers' Home, Piershill, Edinburgh, and whose name is a household word to cavalry soldiers over the three kingdoms.

The home was practically the creation of Miss Lloyd, who a year ago was made the recipient of a handsome public testimonial in recognition of her twenty-one years' honorary service.

## GUILTY IN SONG.

On being brought into the Aberlillery Police Court on a charge of being drunk and disorderly, a man came from the cells singing "Mac's perhadur wedi do."

It was explained to the magistrates that the translation of this Welsh song was "The sinner has arrived"—a novel method of pleading guilty which caused much amusement.

## CONVICTED THROUGH A DAUGHTER.

To be sent to gaol for fourteen days on the evidence of her daughter, aged only four, was the dramatic experience of Catherine Lundy, at Manchester.

Some articles of clothing had been stolen from the prisoner's lodgings, and the child went to the landlady and said, "Mamma has been in your room and taken your things," which she repeated in court, adding the information that her mother kept a key of the room in her bodice.

Mr. James Dalziel, father of Mr. J. H. Dalziel, M.P., has died suddenly at Greenbrae, Dumfriesshire.

Improvements in the port of Douglas, to cost £157,000, have been recommended by the Isle of Man Harbour Commissioners.

Whilst attending service at All Saints' Church, Brighton, Mr. Frederick E. Harrison, aged eighty-four, of Chatham-place, died suddenly in his pew.

Inside a 15lb. pike caught at Baintree, writes a correspondent of the "Fishing Gazette," was an ordinary meat-hook, made of 3-16 wire, and 3in. long.

The first year's operations of the Wyndham Land Act of 1903 closed yesterday. It is estimated that agreements for sales to the extent of £12,000,000 have been arranged.

## SIXTY YEARS IN THE BELFRY.

Mr. J. R. Haworth claims to be the oldest London bellringer.

He is eighty-four years of age, and has been ringing the bells of St. Clement Danes for over sixty years.

## PRUNES AND GLYCERINE.

It is stated in the Hungarian official homological organ that quantities of the prunes which are arriving in Europe from America have been soaked in a fluid containing twelve per cent. of glycerine.

This is done to increase their size and weight. They are being freely sold in this country.

## ACCOMPLISHED PARROT.

During this week's sale of the Marquis of Anglesey's effects there will be offered a wonderful parrot, which is said to converse in three languages—English, Welsh, and French.

Other lots include the costly furniture of the bijou theatre and crested stewpans and bicycles.

## SUBMARINES AT DOVER.

For the next three weeks the submarine flotilla will be stationed at Dover.

Large crowds took great interest in their arrival yesterday, escorted by H.M.S. Hazard and torpedo-boat No. 26. Photograph of the submarines mobilising appears on page 9.

## WELBECK SHILLINGS.

For seeing over Welbeck and its famous underground galleries the Duke of Portland charges a fee of 1s.

The amount thus received is distributed among the local charities, which this year benefit to the extent of £308.

## SOUNDLESS "BRASS BAND."

One of the Barnley churches has a "brass band" which is unable to accept numerous offers to enter in local band competitions, for the reason it has no instruments.

It is composed entirely of ladies, and devotes its attention to keeping the brasswork in the church in proper order.

## LOCOMOTIVE COMPETITION.

For their long-distance expresses the Great Western Railway are determined to secure the best engines available.

To this end they are ordering an American type known as the Philadelphia and Reading, and a French Deglign, to be used in a series of exhaustive experimental runs against their own "City" type.

## DRUMHEAD CABBAGE.

The largest variety of the cabbage grown in this country—the drumhead—is now to be seen in shops. This kind, first heard of in George III's reign, was said to have greatly excited the interest of the Farmer King. Any cottager at Windsor who reared a specimen of this cabbage actually as big as a kettle-drum head was sure of the reward of a guinea from his appreciative Sovereign.

## CRICKET ON THE FLOOR.

### St. Bride's Baths Transformed Into Winter Pitches.

The merry crack made by the impact of bat and ball, so softening to the ear of the ardent cricketer, was heard in the neighbourhood of Fleet-street yesterday when the St. Bride's Institute swimming baths were opened for the winter season as two first-class practice wickets.

Tarrant, Middlesex's Colonial recruit, is in charge, and Albert Trott, of the smiling countenance and insidious ball, is his chief of staff.

To wish them good luck in the enterprise and many other famous cricketers, visited the baths yesterday afternoon and evening, and all appeared delighted with the arrangements, which seem perfect. There is little or no danger to a batsman, the matting and felt pitches being so perfectly true and fast, and the light so good, that the ball comes along easier than on the most perfect Oval wicket.

It seems as though the pitches are a trifle longer than the stipulated twenty-two yards, but that is an optical illusion. The baths are lighted by electric high-power and incandescent lamps of the total brilliancy of 5,000 candles.

Cricketers wishing to keep their hands and eyes in training during the long winter months can join now. Up to Christmas the charge will be 3s., from Christmas to the opening of the cricket season 30s., or a payment of 42 2s. will carry one through to the merry days of May. Over sixty members were enrolled yesterday.

## OCTOBER'S GOOD RECORD.

### A Warm Month with Many Hours of Sunshine and Little Rain.

October, 1904, ended unpleasantly in London, where yesterday's continuous drizzle of rain was anything but conducive to amiability of temper.

Still the month's weather, compared with that of October last year, was very fine.

Less than two inches of rain fell last month against five inches in October, 1903, the average rainfall for the month being about three inches.

Sunshine last month was a trifle below the average, but the days that were sunny were beautifully soft and warm.

The rainiest October known was in 1880, when close on 74in. flooded the country. On the other hand, during October, 1897, less than 4in. fell.

Fifty-five hours of sunshine were enjoyed in London during the month. This is a trifle below last year's record. The record was in 1893, when there were no less than 114 hours. October, 1902, produced only 31 hours. Last year there were 73.

The average temperature of last month was high. The highest reading—60deg.—on the 4th and 18th—is high, but not remarkable. During the last thirty-five years shade temperature has gone as high as 80deg.—in October, 1889. But the month as a whole, and without being really hot, has included a very fair proportion of warm and sunny days.

The coldest temperature recorded in October for the last thirty-five years was 24deg., on October 28, 1890. The coldest last month, 33deg., was on the 14th. One fierce gale has lashed our shores, causing grievous damage to shipping and much loss of life.

Unfortunately the weather experts say that the dull weather with which October closed is likely to continue into November.

## MAYOR ON A WALL.

### Quaint Scenes During the Beating of Paddington Bounds.

Passers-by in the region of Hyde Park-place early yesterday morning beheld about thirty top-hatted, frock-coated gentlemen swarming round the most portly of their number and assisting him to get astride the high wall surrounding St. George's burial ground.

Behind stood a dozen or more small boys holding long willow branches and cheering the gallant climber.

Hatless, dusty, and panting, the portly gentleman reached the top of the wall. He assisted his comrades to do likewise, and soon the whole thirty and the attendant boys were in the burial ground.

"Where," said the anxious bystanders, "are the police?" But there was no cause for alarm. The thirty gentlemen were the mayor and officers of the Paddington Borough Council. They were going through the ceremony of "beating the bounds" of the borough.

They began in Edgware-road, and travelled round the whole of the borough. It was an eight-mile round, and there was a boundary stone every 200 or 300 yards. At each stone the same ceremony was gone through.

The boys beat the stone vigorously with their wands, and the officers of the council affirmed that this stone was "claimed October 31, 1904," followed by three cheers and "God Save the King."

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# Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1904.

## LORD ROSEBERY ON NOVELS NEW AND OLD.

**L**ORD ROSEBERY is not, as a rule, a conventional speaker. He is not the kind of man who says what he knows he will be expected to say rather than what he really thinks. But when he upbraided people yesterday for not reading Scott, and for admiring "authors of the name of Henty and the like," his words had rather a hollow sound. They did not ring quite true.

It is the usual thing to cry up Scott and cry down modern authors: "Nobody reads Scott nowadays," has been the literary bigwig's lament for many a year. But why don't they read Scott? Because, in truth, Scott was not good enough to last for ever. He was a great man "for an age," but not "for all time."

Writers who really "bultured for eternity" are read to-day as much as ever. No one complains that Shakespeare is neglected, or Charles Lamb, or Jane Austen. The fact is, as soon as an author's books begin to lose their hold upon the reading public, the fault must be looked for, not in the public, but in the author.

"Ivanhoe," which Lord Rosebery recommends so highly, is a capital story. But there are plenty of other stories as good. And that is a long way the most readable of all Scott's works. Even Mr. Henty, about whom Lord Rosebery is so scornful, wrote tales of which Scott himself would have been the first to admit the merits.

This eternal praise of the old authors at the expense of the modern has a good deal of hypocrisy in it. We do not for a moment mean that Lord Rosebery was hypocritical. He, we are to suppose, still reads Scott constantly with undiminished pleasure. But we are afraid his remark will encourage others to be hypocrites, and to stand up saying what a great writer Scott was without ever having read a single one of his novels.

## THE GODS' GIFT-BEARER.

Superior persons will be saying this morning that a great deal too much fuss is made over the death of a comic actor nowadays. Yet, if they cast their eyes back over the pages of history, they will find that the men who have made the world laugh have always been more regretted in their deaths than the long-faced folk who look upon merriment with suspicion and dislike.

They are not remembered so very long. Poor Dan Leno, who has made us hold our sides for many a year past, will soon pass into oblivion. Why grudge him his little hour of recollection? He was but a droll, a cracker of jokes, a fellow of quip and crank; yet all of us who have been amused by him feel a sense of loss.

There are not so many people who are able to amuse us. A hearty laugh is a rare experience in theatre or music-hall. What a lot of good it does one when it does come! How it expands the chest and clears the head and brings all sorts of muscles into play!

Laughter, the ancients said, was the gift of the gods. What harm then in admitting regret, and even sorrow, at the passing of one whom the gods made their gift-bearer? Dan Leno was one of the channels through which this boon of laughter came to us. If we are not grateful to him for his mirth, we show ingratitude also to those who chose him for their instrument.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The more a man knows the more he acquires a conviction of the extent to which he does not know.—*Palmerston*.

## RUSSIAN VIEW OF BRITISH WAR CORRESPONDENTS.



This is how a Russian paper caricatures our war correspondents in the Far East. One is saying to the other, "Here is another invitation to dinner in Port Arthur. What do the Russians mean by spoiling our engagements like this?"

## SOME STORIES OF MR. DAN-LENO.

**T**HE story of poor Dan Leno's rise to fame is told on another page, but there are also innumerable anecdotes of his career. It was in the north of England that he first made his way to the front by his clog-dancing, and of the north-country halls—rough places they were then—had many stories to tell.

At one of them the chairman—the chairman was still all-important in those days—announced that a lady singer would next appear. "Don't give us no more singin', let's have a foight for a change," sang out a voice from the hall. The chairman explained that there were not pugilists handy. The audience were not to be balked, they wanted a fight and they meant to have one, so in a moment the hall was like a Donnybrook Fair within four walls. Leno always admitted that he did not stop to see much of the fight, and never heard who won.

On another occasion Leno was in danger of personal violence, so he always said. He was appointed judge of a clog-dancing competition, and as the hall was filled with miners, all set on their man winning, he judiciously favoured the local candidate. Having awarded the prize he retired to his dressing-room, but what was his amazement to hear the clanking of iron-shod boots in the stone passage to his room. It was a deputation, and a large one, too.

"Looko 'ere," said the chairman of the crowd, "thou'st giv prize to wrong 'un!" Leno protested that he had given the prize to the local man. "Noa, thou didn't!" Again Leno protested that, at any rate, he had meant to. "Then git back on te stage and say so," said the chairman, voicing the general mind. And Leno had to go and correct his mistake.

His very first appearance on the stage had a touch of the rough-and-ready methods of the time. He was only three, and appeared as an infant contortionist. So small was he that no tights could be found for him, and he eventually appeared garbed in a pair of his mother's stockings, which had been "adapted" to make him a full set of tights.

It was always said of him that whatever song he sang it became a comic one in his mouth. One famous occasion of this was when he tried to sing "The Lost Chord" at Gatti's Music-hall. It was in quite his early days, and was taking the place

of a friend who was ill. To quote his own telling of the story, "The accompaniment started, I cleared my throat, and plunged into my song.

"I kept my eyes glued on the music until the end of the first verse, when I ventured to glance over the edge of the song at the audience. There seemed something strange happening. Both men and women all had their lips compressed, and were shaking all over. I plunged into the song again, throwing great expression into it. When I looked up the audience had collapsed. They were roaring! They rolled about and screamed until they were hoarse.

Perhaps the proudest moment of his whole career was when he was called upon to perform before the King at Sandringham. Talking of the event afterwards he said: "On the Saturday as I was sitting down with my wife the news came to me, 'It is the King's wish, I was told. 'I can't,' I replied, 'I'm performing at Brixton.' 'It's the King's command,' I was told again, and only then it broke upon me, and I said 'Oh!'

"At Sandringham I felt very proud. I had a free hand. I never had a better audience. The King rocked with laughter, and the Queen smiled, while some of the Princesses shrieked. It was the greatest day of my life, and my happiness was complete when the King shook me by the hand and the Queen took my hand in hers.

It was not only in his public capacity as a jester that Leno was a wit. He carried his humour into every act of his private life, and his home was literally filled with the results of his odd ideas. One possession was a large tiger-skin rug. Leno always said that it was unique, for it had been bought outright at a shop. He himself, he always said, was the only man he had ever heard of who owned a tiger-skin but had not shot the tiger.

Once he had made his name, also money, he was lavish in spending it. Addressing a waiter in his club once, he said: "Maurice, how long have you been working for this club?" "Ever since it was started." "And what was the uggest tip you ever received?" "Two sovereigns." "Well, my boy," said Leno, "I'll make that fellow look foolish. Here's a fiver! By-the-bye, what was the name of the fellow who gave you two pounds?" "Well, Mr. Leno," said Maurice, after he had pocketed the note, "it was yourself, sir."

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

**L**ORD STANLEY, the Postmaster-General, who yesterday received a deputation on the vexed question of C.O.D., is generally spoken of as a bluff, frank, genial, young Briton. His reputation, however, rests principally on his personal appearance, the way he shouts in the House of Commons and the freedom with which he gives racing tips—which are quite above the average.

For some time Lord Stanley was chairman of the Kitchen Committee of the House of Commons, and his reforms with regard to the size and price of chops and steaks met with such approval that a brilliant career was predicted for him. When a Press Censor was wanted in South Africa his success marked him out as the right man. On his way out to the Cape he managed to increase his reputation as a good fellow by his skill in ship-board sports. He won the hair-trimming contest in fine style, and was placed in the portmanteau race; but his greatest success was as a horse, winning easily with a none too light rider on his back.

Once at the Cape he was not so successful, and upset the war correspondents by several silly actions. One excited a lot of criticism at the time. A well-known war correspondent, who was lying seriously ill at Modder River, was devotedly nursed by a tender-hearted private. Probably, but for his care, the Pressman would not have pulled through. Some time after the two men met again in the street in Bloemfontein.

There was no return the correspondent could make. To have offered the man money would have been an insult, so he did the only thing he could, and asked him up to his room at the hotel and gave him a drink and a cigar as he would to any other friend. The Press Censor heard the full story of the case, but that made no difference. He tried to get the correspondent's licence taken away, since, as he ranked as an officer and a gentleman, he must not drink with a common private.

Does the Tsar know the truth about the Baltic Fleet outrage? Probably he does not, if one may judge by an article by "An American Diplomatist" in the "Century Magazine." "After his accession to the throne," says the writer, "one of the best judges in Europe, who had every opportunity to observe him closely, said to me: 'He knows nothing of his Empire or of his people; he never goes out of his house if he can help it'; and this explains in some degree the insincerity of his programme for the Peace Conference at The Hague, and for the Japanese war."

Nor does the writer consider him a humane ruler, even in his thoughts. Even when Russia was groaning under the second year of one of the most serious famines she has known the Tsar insisted that there was no suffering worth mentioning, and that he had already given up paying any attention to the subject. From his infancy his main characteristic, as described by those near him, was an absolute indifference to all persons and things about him.

The writer also disposes of the famous Nubian guard. These huge black fellows were reported to have been brought from Central Africa by special command. At great assemblages in the imperial palaces, just before the doors were flung open for the entrance of their Majesties and their cortège, two great black hands were always to be seen put through the doors, ready to open them in an instant—the hands of two of these negro giants.

One day the writer found himself in a crush at the foot of a staircase near one of these "Nubians." Suddenly the black giant bent down and whispered in the best accents of a coloured waiter from the States: "If you please, sah, wouldn't you like to git out of de crowd, sah, 'r oois diey doah, sah?"

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge.

**O**NE has to have a firm belief in a man's capacity, and honesty, before one places a nation's repute in his hands; but that is what the Board of Trade has done to Sir Cyprian Bridge. In company with Mr. Butler Aspinall, K.C., he is to examine the facts of the Baltic Fleet outrage, and estimate the damage that is to be demanded of Russia.

Born in Newfoundland, sixty-five years ago, it is little wonder he entered the Navy. Since then, the fifty-one years of his naval career have been spent in showing that he has other accomplishments.

He has shown the Australian newspaper men that he understood newspaper work. He has studied the customs and laws of Polynesia and written of them. He has earned a wide reputation as an historian. He has written on the Navy and on naval strategy.

In fact, he is learned in so many things beside his profession that he is scarcely like a Navy man to talk to. He seems to lack the sailor's breeziness, though he looks his profession all over.

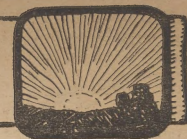
Among other things in which he has had a hand is diplomacy, and he was successful in dealing with Russia in the Far East. But the action by which he succeeded in earning the fullest public confidence was his advice to the Government to give up Wei-hai-wei.

After such good advice as that one is prepared to trust his advice again.





# A·DAY'S·HAPPENINGS·

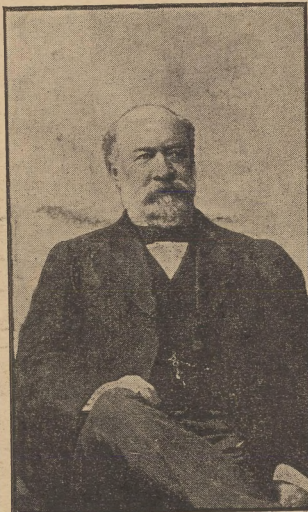


## TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



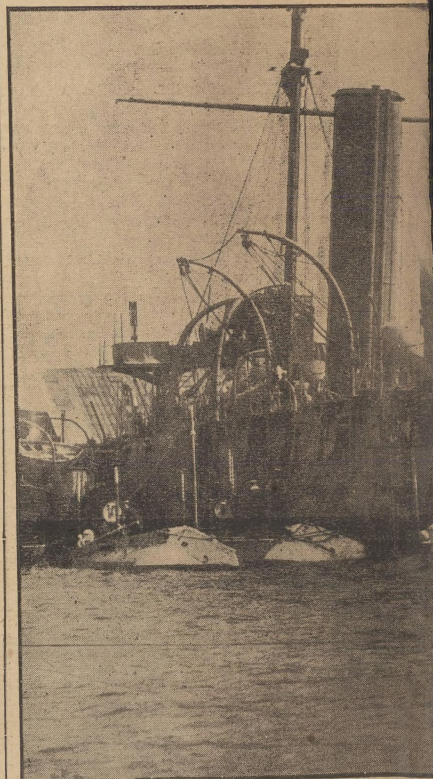
Miss Alice des Vœux, daughter of Sir William and Lady des Vœux, and Captain Sir Thomas A. Cunningham, D.S.O., who are to be married at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, to-day.—(Langfrier and Thomson.)

## SIR WALTER PEACE.



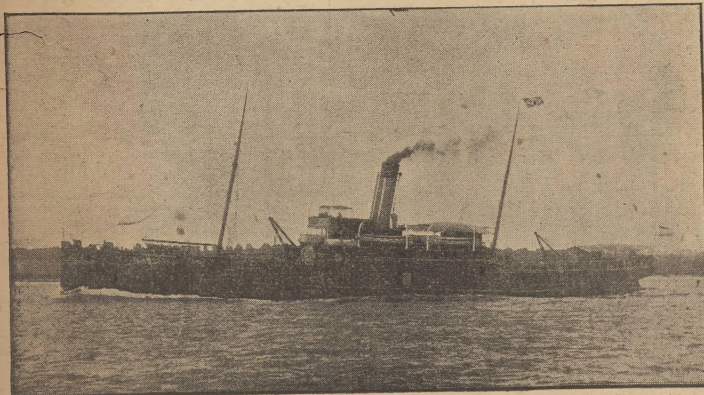
He is retiring from the post of Agent-General for Natal, which he has held since 1893.—(Vandyk.)

## MOBILISING THE HOME FLEET.



Preparing the submarine boats for sea at Portsmouth, utilised for coast defence.

## PAINTED BLACK FOR THE LAST JOURNEY.



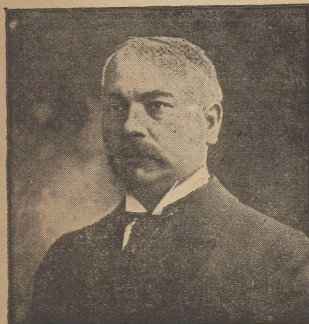
The Batavia VI, which left Rotterdam last evening, conveying the remains of the late ex-President Kruger to S. Africa. The vessel was painted black for this voyage.

## VETERAN HUNTSMAN DEAD.



Mr. "Jack" Carr, a veteran of the chase, whose death has just taken place at Ruswarp, near Whitby, at the age of ninety-four.

## RUSSIAN OUTRAGE INQUIRY.



Professor Martens, the great expert on international law, who will look after Russia's legal interests at the forthcoming international inquiry.

## OPENING OF THE FOX-HUNTING SEASON.



Some of the huntsmen and hounds proceeding to the meet of the Hertfordshire Fox-hounds.—(Newman, Berkhamsted.)

## ACTIVITY AT THE DOCKYARDS.



Leaving the dockyard at Portsmouth during the dinner, the preparedness of vessels for sea. Many of the dockyard men scanning the newspapers for the latest news.



# NEWS TOLD IN VIEWS

## SUBMARINES TO GUARD THE COAST.



These vessels have now arrived at Dover, where they are to be employed.—(Cribb, Southsea.)

## REPAIRING THE VESSELS FOR SEA.



The men are all working overtime in order to accelerate the repairs of the Baltic Fleet outrage.—(Cribb.)

## DR. W. G. GRACE FOLLOWS THE BEAGLES.



The meet of the Worcester Park Beagles at Belmont, with the Master, Mr. J. Simpson, and Dr. W. G. Grace, the famous cricketer, on the left of the group.

## CELLAR CRIME.



Helen Walden, the young Leytonstone housekeeper, to the murder of whom William Hoffman, her employer, has now confessed.

## GREAT CONCENTRATION OF WARSHIPS AT PORTLAND.



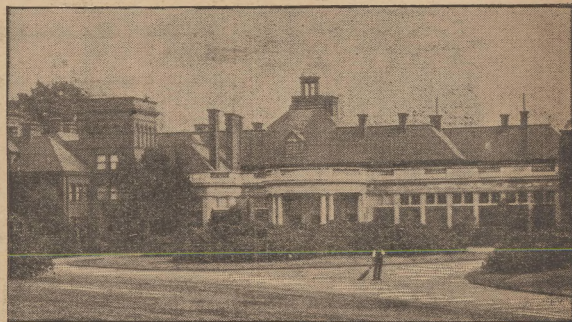
The men of the torpedo and destroyer flotillas going on board their ships at Portsmouth Dockyard prior to starting for Portland, where warships from all the home stations are now concentrated.—(Cribb.)

## A CENTENARIAN INNKEEPER.



Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, landlady of the Bamber Castle Inn, York, who has just celebrated her hundredth birthday. She is the oldest holder of a public-house licence in England.

## A MILLIONAIRE'S MANSION FOR SCHOOL TEACHERS.



The L.C.C. are now considering a proposal to use the late Colonel North's fine mansion at Avery Hill, seen in the above picture, as a training college for teachers. A quarter of a million sterling was spent on this house by the deceased millionaire.



## IN NINE LANGUAGES.

Mr. Hall Caine's New Novel To Be Published in Ten Countries at Once.

No author has ever had the same international compulsion paid him as Mr. Hall Caine.

On Friday his new book, "The Prodigal Son," will be issued in ten countries and nine languages. Here are (by the courtesy of Mr. Heinemann, the English publisher) the first sentences of the book in all the nine:—

### BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

#### The Prodigal Son.

London: W. Heinemann. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

Iceland had never looked more wonderful. The stern old Northland, which in the daylight beara always and everywhere on its sphinx-like face the mutilating imprint of the burnt-out fires of ten thousand ages, and would seem to be dead but for the murmuring of volcanic life in its sulphurous womb, lay in the autumn moonlight like a great creature asleep—calm, august, and blue as the night.

### FRANCE. Le Fils Prodigue.

Paris: Hachette et Cie.

L'Islande n'avait jamais paru plus belle. La rude et vieille Terre du Nord, qui, dans la lumière du jour, porte toujours et partout sur sa face impénétrable l'empreinte dévorante des feux qui la consumaient depuis dix mille années, si bien qu'elle semblait morte sans les grondements de sa vie volcanique et les bouillonnements de ses entrailles d'où jaillait le soufre—l'antique Islande, sous la lune, automnale, est pareille à une immense créature endormie—calme, auguste, et bleue comme la nuit elle-même.

### GERMANY. Der Verlorenen Sohn.

Leipzig: H. A. Ludwig Degener.

Island hatte nie einen herrlicheren Anblick gewährt. Das starre alte Nordland, das im Tageslicht stets und überall die zerstörenden Spuren ausgetrockneter Feuers Jahrausender auf seinem sphinggleichen Antlitz trägt, und das man, wäre es nicht des in seinem schwelheligen Schloß glühenden, vulkanischen Lebens wegen, für tot halten würde, lag in herbstlicher Mondlicht, gleich einer mächtigen, schlafenden Kreatur—ruhig, erhaben und blau wie die Nacht da.

### ITALY. Il Figliol Prodigo.

Milan: Fratelli Treves.

L'Islanda non ha mai avuto un aspetto così meraviglioso. L'austera terra nordica, che di giorno porta sempre e dappertutto, sulla sua faccia di sfinco, l'impronta mutilata dei fuochi che qui orrore migliaia di secoli fa, e che si direbbero spenti se non fosse per il mormorio della vita vulcanica che si agita nelle sue viscere, giace, al chiaro della luna autunnale, come una grande creatura d'immense calma, augusta e azzurra come la notte.

### SWEDEN. Den Forlorne Sonen.

Stockholm: P. A. Norstedt and Söner.

Island hade aldrig sett sig så underbart. Det dystra gamla nordlandet, hvass sfinklika anlete i dagljuset alltid och allstädes bär den vantillande prägnen af ärtvänderas stockande glöd och som skulle synas dödt om ej vulkanen mullrade i dess sköte, hvilade nu höstmanusknet likt ett väsen förskänt i sömn—lugnt, majestätiskt blatt, som natten själf.

### RUSSIA. Блудный сын.

St. Petersburg.

Беландія еще никогда не казалась более чудною. Суровая и старинная эта часть севера, которая днесь всегда и везде на своем сфинксовообразном образе отражает исжажающее впечатление догорающих огней долгие тысячелетия и казалась бы мертвою, сейчас не отдалась лихорадке вулканической жизни и ее приливом кипит, дышит на свет осенней луны, как спящее великое творение—спокойное, величественное, и голубая как ночь.

### DENMARK. Den Forloren Son.

Copenhagen: Gyldendalske Boghandl.

Island havde aldrig været skønnere end i dette Øjeblik. Set ved Dagslys bærer det gamle basiske Nordland altid i hvert Træk af sit sphinxagtige Ansigt de vansirende Mærker af nu udskudte Flammer, der i Aarsindene er gaadede børende henover det, og vilde selv synes uddøet, hvis der ikke stadig fra dets vovlopplyste Indre havde lydt en sagte Kourren, der tilkendegav det endnu var lavende og virksomme Vulkaner derom. Nu derimod laa det bade i Efteraarsnattens Maanedys som en sovende Kræmpe—rolig, øjeblik, og mørk som Natten selv.

### HOLLAND. De Verlooren Zoon.

Leiden: A. W. Sijthoff.

Noit had I land er meer betoverend uitzien. Het ruwe, oude Noordland, dat bij daglicht steeds en overal op zijn sfinksigheid gelaat de afdraken der vernieling draagt van de uitgebrande vuren van traditiedied geslachten, en dat geheel doot zou schijnen, zoo er zich geen roemmeligen dien hooren van vulkanisch leven in zijn zwaveligen schoot, lag in den herfsteliken knoelschijn als een reus te slapen—kalm, verheven en blauw als de nacht.

### FINLAND. Tuhlaja Poika.

Borga: Werner Söderström.

Islandi näytti ihmeellisenmalta kuin konsanaan. Päivällä tuon vanhan, vakaana Pohjolan sfinksimäisissä kasvoina näkyä sammuneiden vuorien vanhoista sitten uurtamaria arja, ja silloin sitä lunasti kuolessi, joll'ei kuulisi tuliperästä jynä suu maanalaisissa nuunoissa. Nyt syysyöönä se koki kypästä kuin suuri rauhallinen elin—juhollisena yön siertävässä hämyssä.

### PUTTING THEM OFF THE SCENT.

Bride: George, dear, when we reach our destination let us try to avoid giving the impression that we are newly married.

George: All right, Maud; you carry the portmanteau—"Pick-Me-Up."

## CHASED BY A "GRIZZLY" AN IDYLL OF MAYDAY.

M.P.'s Grim Experience with a Rocky Mountain Bear.

Sir Henry Seton-Karr is a sportsman who has shot and hunted pretty well everywhere. His "Sporting Holidays" (Arnold) are naturally full, therefore, of stories that will delight the hearts of those who think that the best use to put animals to is to kill them.

Once he very nearly got killed himself. He came across a "grizzly" bear unexpectedly. He fired and missed. Then the bear charged. Then Sir Henry fired again and hit, but nevertheless the bear came on still, after "turning a complete somersault and alighting on his feet again."

My rifle was now empty, and there was no time to reload. The next few seconds were a kind of nightmare. I turned and jumped at the saddle; my horse, seeing the bear close behind me, swerved and bolted. Grizzly, now only a few yards away, was rising to strike with a gigantic claw, sinewy paw, that could with a single blow break a buffalo's back or tear out all his ribs. With a cold thrill down my back, and a sensation at the pit of the stomach that reminded me of the fourth-form room at Harrow, I also swerved and bolted—up the hill—for all I was worth.

Then—hatch, a comrade of Sir Henry's shot the bear, and it was all over. Is it unreasonable to feel some sympathy with the bear?



Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER in the new Garrick play.

### "SPIDER FEVER."

No Need To Fear Spiders: They Are Not Poisonous.

Why do all women (and a good many men) feel an instinctive horror of spiders?

A foreign insect specialist who has been writing about these harmless, interesting little creatures attributes this repulsion to the belief which was held so long that their sting was poisonous.

It was about the middle of the seventeenth century that the tarantula spider fell quite suddenly into disrepute in Italy and Corsica on the ground that its sting caused a fever, one of the symptoms of which was convulsive dancing accompanied by wild laughter. It was cured by homoeopathic methods. Two airs, the "Pastorale" and the "Tarantula," were played on the violin and other instruments. These set the patient dancing till he was exhausted, and after a sleep of twelve hours he woke cured.

### A LESSON FOR LONDON.

Paris has solved a problem which still baffles London. In the French capital there has been opened a Rowton House for women and girls.

It was built with funds provided by a legacy, and can let good-sized rooms at tenpence a night. Smaller rooms cost sixpence. A bath can be had for a penny, a hot bath twopenny, a good meal for fivepence. The home includes large sitting-rooms amply provided with books and pianos.

## AN IDYLL OF MAYDAY.

New Play of Modern Life at the Garrick Theatre.

"The walls of Jericho," which give the title to the play by Mr. Alfred Sutro, which Mr. Bouchier produced last night, are the walls that isolate the Smart Set—the epigrammatic, non-moral, Bridge-playing Smart Set of the novel and the society play—from the rest of humanity.

These walls are only to be levelled, it appears, by such a trumpet blast as proclaims itself the utterance of an honest and unsophisticated nature.

Mr. Alfred Sutro has, in a word, set himself to retell the familiar story of the essentially manly but unappreciated husband, the butterfly lover, and



Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH in a characteristic attitude.

the wife who, though she comes perilously near to the confines of disaster, yet has a heart that, at the right moment, is found to be in the right place.

Jack Frobiisher, who has made a fortune by sheep farming in Australia, is married to Lady Alethea, the daughter of the impecunious Marquis of Stevenston. Jack and Lady Alethea do not pull well together in double harness. He is full of philanthropic schemes for the better housing of the East End poor. She is devoted to dress, gaieties, bridge-playing, and to a risky flirtation with a certain Harry Dallas.

In her flirtation and her bridge, Lady Alethea is countenanced by the well-born and largely-titled society about her. The chief aim of the men in this kind of society (according to Mr. Sutro) seems to be to borrow—or win—large sums of money from parvenu millionaires; that of the women to entangle the same millionaires matrimonially, and then to amuse themselves after their own fashion.

### A STRIKING SCENE.

The millionaire whom Mr. Sutro asks us to accept as a type is Hankey Bannister, an owner of gold-mines, who was with Frobiisher in Australia. There he was known as "Mad Jim," whilst Frobiisher's nickname was "Fighting Jack." It is he who makes the attack upon the walls of Jericho by means of money, and also brings them down with a run.

Gradually the situation between Jack Frobiisher and his wife becomes more and more acute, and, incidentally, to a striking scene, in which Jack forces Dallas to open and read aloud a letter which he has written to Lady Alethea. The letter sufficiently indicates that any guilty intention had been only upon the side of the man.

Nevertheless, there are still scenes, in which it seems likely enough that Frobiisher and his wife will part for ever. But their mutual love for their little boy, Archie, finally reunites them, and the play ends happily.

Neither the situations nor the characters are new, but the piece affords Mr. Arthur Bouchier the opportunity for a fine study of sterling manhood as Jack Frobiisher, while, as Lady Alethea, Miss Violet Vanbrugh plays with her usual easy charm of manner and some subtlety. Mr. Sydney Valentine is forceful and sincere as Hankey Bannister. Miss Muriel Beaumont both looks and acts well.

We are glad to see a business-like spirit springing up among our British working men. Awarded £600 for the loss of an arm, a man at Barnard Castle offered to let them have a leg, too, on the same terms—"Vanity Fair."

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

### NOT A GOOD PLAN.

Why does the War Office advocate discharged soldiers accepting situations at unsatisfactory wages?

Recruiting we all know to be at the very lowest ebb. Is it the way to induce young men to join the Army to offer them the prospect that when they return again to civil life they are to sell their labour cheaper than other men who have not served their country? PLAYFAIR.

### IS COURTESY DEAD?

"Beeston Humber's" experience of the rudeness of people who don't own motor-cars or cycles is only what the majority of users of these vehicles have to put up with.

A great deal has been said about furious driving and lack of consideration for the public, but walkers are quite as bad. Their habits of standing in the road until the very last possible moment, of hurling abusive words at quite peaceable drivers, are more likely to increase the number of "road-hogs" than to make motorists more considerate. Richmond, Oct. 31. A SURREY MOTORIST.

If courtesy is dead, it is women who have themselves to thank for it. They have deliberately invaded man's province, taken upon themselves many of his pleasures and privileges, yet they do not expect to be treated otherwise than with the utmost respect.

A thoroughly womanly woman, who does not smoke, always commands respect and is treated courteously. Where this is not the case it is because men have associated with women who do not insist on the treatment they ought to exact. High Barnet. ARTHUR HERVEY.

### CAN WE AFFORD TO WAIT?

We all know that "an offence to one man is an offence to all men." This is an accepted axiom among civilised nations, and I can quite understand that the inexplicable—and, in a sane man, the unpardonable and criminal—action of Admiral Rojestrensky has started up to boiling point the blood of Englishmen.

But—here is the gist of the whole question—England is undoubtedly the most civilised and the most powerful nation in the world; and, this being so, can we not afford to wait a reasonable time until our foolish, incompetent, and nervous Russian neighbours have had time to cool down to a sense of righteous recognition of their mad impetuosity, and make the necessary individual and national compensation and reparation?

Let us trust to the wonderful tact and good sense of our beloved King.

GUSTAVE, COMTE DE HAMEL DE MANIN. The Lodge, Sussex Villas, Kensington.

### HOUSEWORK FOR PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Does it ever occur to the young women of the present day how beneficial housework is? Cleaning a room thoroughly develops every muscle. Sweeping the ceiling, rubbing the walls with a duster in each hand, cleaning the mirrors and pictures, and, if necessary, sweeping the carpet with plenty of well-washed tea-leaves, are exercises invaluable. Loder-road, Brighton. CONSTANCE CROWFIELD.

### "A NOXIOUS HABIT."

To A. J. L. Evans (who wants to know a remedy for inhaling tobacco-smoke): Same old remedy—leave it off. A. E. WILTON. Bollingbroke-grove, Wandsworth Common, S.W.

Your reader who wishes to give up the habit of inhaling tobacco-smoke would do well to try ship's plug. ONE WHO HAS TRIED IT.

### "HYPOCRITICAL JOURNALISM."

I see the "Morning Leader" and the "Star" (which is the same thing) are now attacking other papers for saying there was a time-limit attached to the British demands upon Russia.

The hypocrisy of this may be judged from the fact that on Friday morning I read in the "Leader" this statement: "The time allowed for the reply to the British Note expires at ten to-day." NO LOVER OF PRO-BOERS.

### "THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE."

Ourselves just a year old, we offer a hearty welcome to this new monthly publication, "The World and His Wife." It is called a magazine, but it is unlike any magazine we have ever seen before.

It is not bulky—always a disadvantage—it is beautifully printed, well illustrated, and crammed with interesting matter.

Very opportune, considering the month; is the article about the new Lady Mayores (Mrs. Ponnell), who takes up her residence on the 9th of this month. This article tells in an interesting way the story of this lady's life during her year of office.

"The Life Story of a Pheasant" is just the right length, and delightfully told. Miss Annesley Kenely in her article, "The Man Who Cannot Afford to Marry," touches upon a subject of never-failing interest. Kettle Howard gives a simple story, called "The Smiles of Prosper," in which she tells of a man who is so much interested in cottages and cottage gardens, the paper on how to arrange them will be read with much interest. Other articles on shooting, motoring, stamp collecting, etc., etc., as well as four pages for the children, leave no section of society uncatered for.



Our New Serial.

You Can Begin this Story To-day.

# THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

Author of  
By Andrew Loring, "Mr. Smith of England."

## YESTERDAY'S OPENING CHAPTERS.

A dinner-party at Lady Gascoyne's. She is brilliant, young, and attractive. By her side sits Dick Deverill. Gertrude Gascoyne, her sister-in-law, is jealous; she suspects her of alienating Deverill's affections.

At the other end of the table is Sir Alanson Gascoyne, Judge of the High Court, much his wife's senior. His friend, a Mr. Tourillotte, just back from an exploring expedition, compliments him on his look of youth, but the Judge's face at times bears the impress of trouble.

Hugh Mordaunt, the playmate of Gertrude Gascoyne's youth and still her lover, is sent out on an errand by the Judge because he seems intoxicated.

Mr. Tourillotte on his travels has found a new and magnificent orchid. He names it after the Lady Gascoyne, crowning her Queen of the Orchids. "If only you had crowned me, Dick, it would be perfect," she says to Deverill.

Dinner over, she goes out to the theatre with Deverill. An hour later Hugh Mordaunt rushes in. The theatre Lady Gascoyne said she was going to is on fire. In a frenzy the Judge flies out into the night.

Hugh and Gertrude are left alone, and after two hours of misery they are annoyed to see Lady Gascoyne come in. She is not aware of the girl, and evidently has not been to the theatre at all.

Her husband returns in a frenzy of horror at the sights he has witnessed, and hysterically clasps to his heart his beloved wife, whom he never expected to see again. She, quite unaware of the reason for this emotion, not only understands that something has happened as an outcome of her deceit.

As she held her husband in her arms she darted an appealing look over his shoulder at his sister-in-law Gertrude. Her great eyes shot a passionate supplication for the slightest clue. There was the mute appeal of a desperate woman who realised that there was something she ought to be told—something which had happened between her going out and coming home, some vital crisis, some danger to herself.

## CHAPTER III.

### Beginning the Tangle.

"Thank Heaven," murmured the Judge, still clasping her close. "Oh, the sights I have seen—horrible. A hell, a blazing hell—and I thought you were in it."

"A fire," cried Lady Gascoyne, promptly recovering from her faint. "Oh, Lanse, I am so sorry. I did not know. There was a mistake about the seats. We went—" again she looked appealingly over his shoulder, but Gertrude had disappeared.

Lady Gascoyne was nearer to losing her head than she had ever been before. She had given herself absolutely away to Gertrude. Her sister-in-law had left her full of suspicion, understanding clearly that she had intended to pretend that she had seen "La Veine," that she had intended to conceal her real movements. Where could she say she had been? What explanation could she give afterwards to Gertrude; what could she say now to her husband, who sat there worn out, after his hour of heart-breaking agony?

Vainly she tried to think. She could invent no plausible tale. Her brain refused to answer; it was in a whirl.

She stood silent, trembling, watching her husband, with a vague wonder as to when he would begin to question her.

Ah, she must postpone that. She must not be forced to begin her story until she knew what it would be.

She overwhelmed him with loving attentions; she exaggerated her concern; she protested in eager murmurs her profound regrets.

"Where were you, darling?" he asked.

"Come, dear," she said quickly, "to my room."

She put her arm round him, but he tried to smile as he drew away and said faintly:

"It's all right, Rose. I am feeling ever so much better."

"What you must have been through. I am so horribly ashamed. Oh, if I had only known." She whispered this as she led him through the hall.

"How could you know?" he answered. "It is enough that you are safe—by a miracle. How did it happen?"

"You shall rest in my own chair," she said softly, as she opened her door. She wheeled round the chair, flung a cushion in it, and he sank back with a smile on his face.

She stepped into the adjoining bedroom, and saw the door into the hall just closing. She tipped across the room, and arrested the attention of her maid.

"Marie," she said, in a low voice, "do not let Miss Gascoyne go. Say that I shall come to her in a few minutes."

Her ladyship caught up a bottle of eau-de-cologne from among the exquisite trifles scattered about her dressing-table, and hastened back to her husband. The lines of anxiety disappeared

beneath her dainty ministrations. Her touch revived him.

"How did you escape? Tell me," he said. "I am so anxious to know."

She put a finger on his lips and smilingly commanded him to keep silence. Then she busied herself in brushing his clothes against his active protest. She retied his tie, and smoothed out his rumpled coat-collar.

"There," she said at last, as she pressed him back to his seat, and stood over him, pushing back his hair with her firm, white hand, "now—you are better."

He nodded and smiled his thanks; then looked the inevitable question for the sixth or eighth time.

"Oh, Lanse," she cried, "your watch—see."

His fob pocket had been slit across as though with a sharp knife.

"What do I care for that?" he cried as he clasped both her hands, and pressed her into his lap.

"I am so sorry," she murmured, "the watch and the fob are both gone."

Oh, what could she say to him. She must have some explanation ready. She could not postpone it much longer.

"You did not give them to me," was his answer, "do not mind."

"How you must love me," she whispered, in a choking voice, "to have broken down like this. It brings me closer to you, Lanse, darling. I shall never forget this night, oh, never."

"Nor I—nor I. What providence saved you?"

"Yes—of course—oh, I was so fortunate; but how did you know? Who told you about the theatre?"

Hugh Mordaunt—about ten o'clock, I should think. Of course, I hurried away. Heavens! I shall never forget it—that moment when I stepped out into the street, and saw the red glare above the housetops, I—"

He could not go on. Terrible pictures came back to him; pictures which had rushed to his brain as he hastened along; pictures of his wife amid that seething hell of flame. He shuddered, and clasped her close.

"I cannot talk about it," he said, in a broken voice. "I saw something of it. They let me come near when I told them who I was. There are others, Rosamond, who sought as I did for loved ones. They, less fortunate, will find—"

"Hush," she said, in a low voice; and, indeed, the horror of it overwhelmed her. It was she now who seemed about to break down. She was appalled at the thought of having to build up a great lie about this terrible tragedy. She buried her head in her husband's shoulder and sobbed aloud. The positions were reversed. It was he who comforted and caressed her now.

"No wonder you are broken, poor little girl," the husband whispered, and he did what he could to comfort her, little guessing that all the time she was eagerly seeking an idea—an idea that should save her. She knew well, despite an agitation not feigned, that her story once launched, must float; that it must be perfect in probability and correct in details.

She understood her husband's natural habit, the result of legal training. She often laughingly protested against being put, as she phrased it, in the witness-box. Like well, dozens of otherwise very good and innocent women, Lady Gascoyne was often vague and indefinite about her facts—was by temperament and habit supremely indifferent to truth in trifles. The careless way in which she often embroidered a story, or unintentionally gave a wrong impression as to what had happened, had sometimes annoyed her truthful and accurate husband. Without being in the least a pedant, Sir Alanson Gascoyne was scrupulously exact about great and little things.

To-night she had something vital to conceal. The tragedy to her was that that night was for ever marked by so sinister an omen as this terrible fire. She could not shrug her shoulders and laughingly remind her husband that he was not in court now, and that she would not be cross-questioned. He would naturally wish to know every detail of the marvellous way in which she had escaped, and every item must bear investigation.

Where should she say she had been—not at another theatre—she could not invent details of any performance on the spur of the moment. She had rehearsed for two days what was to happen at "La Veine." She had read the play, line by line, and had arranged in her mind precisely where she should sit and whom she should see. And all this had resulted only in her placing herself absolutely in her sister-in-law's hands. She was violently angry with Gertrude, for having, as she thought, "led her on."

At last!

As she lay almost in a state of collapse, the idea came to her. The hospitable doors of the music-hall are always open to the Londoner whose evening engagement elsewhere has fallen through, and the programme is so varied that one may be forgiven for not knowing anything about the performance.

"The most wonderful thing in the world saved me," he cried, "just the tiniest fluke. I never have known such a thing to happen before. We got there ten minutes late—our appointment was

for nine. Mrs. La Grange was sitting in the foyer positively fuming—some mistake about the tickets, she said. She got them at a library. Duplicate numbers had been issued—or something like that, I can't tell you quite what it was—somebody else was in our seats."

"How strange, how providential!" said the Judge, in a broken voice. "I have never known it to happen before. What library?"

"I don't know—I never asked."

"The theatre people offered other seats?"

"They hadn't them—oh, they were much annoyed—"

"How fortunate—how providential!" he said, gravely—"and the Derwents?"

"They had written to Mrs. La Grange crying off."

"Ah—then your party was—?"

"Three—Mrs. La Grange, Mr. Deverill—"

"Mr. Deverill," he repeated, struck by his wife's use of the formal words, just as Hugh Mordaunt had been surprised when Gertrude had spoken in the same way.

"Yes—Dick," she answered, slowly, "I don't think I—I shall call him that any more after to-night—after—"

"After what, Rose?"

"After our escape, Lanse."

She shivered, and he drew her to him.

"It brings me closer to you," she whispered.

He kissed her.

"And then," he said, "you left the theatre?"

"Yes. Mrs. La Grange had arranged that her motor should wait for her at eleven in Suffolk-street. She was very clever about that, you know. She slips down side streets, so her chauffeur doesn't have to wait hours in ranks for her. There we were with two hours on our hands, and nothing to do."

"Why not have come back here?"

"Why not come?" She hesitated as she repeated the words—"We didn't think of it. Oh, yes, I'll own up, Lanse. I thought of dear old Mr. Tourillotte."

"And what if you did?"

"Mrs. La Grange."

"You have friends whom I like better—I have often admitted that. But what of her?"

"She is very sweet," she answered slowly, "and her little parlour tricks are so engaging. I—I should feel safer if the orchid chrestening was over, and the name publicly announced."

"And this," said her husband, "is the friendship of women."

"Only caution, dearest. Old gentlemen from the Amazon are very susceptible—you know that. He might have another orchid, I want no rival god-moths."

The Judge did not like his wife in that vein. He turned the subject by again asking where they had gone.

"I must own up," was the answer, given with an appealing smile and a drop of the eye-lids.

"Mrs. La Grange was simply crazy to see the new conjurer."

"And where was he?"

"At the Palace."

"Oh, a music-hall—in that elaborate dress?"

She nodded.

"I could hardly avoid it, Lanse. She insisted on it. Mr. Deverill went ahead and got a box, so we slipped in quite quietly. Nobody saw us, I am sure. You are not angry?"

"Angry, my dear," repeated the Judge, "to-night. All I think of is to be thankful, all I care for is that you went somewhere—where, what does that matter to me?"

"Ah, but you are a tiny bit grieved, I can tell that. I know it was wrong, Lanse. You've told me that you'd rather I didn't. I could hardly get out of it. It was coming home to confess. I felt sure that you would understand."

"Don't talk about it, Rose. Thank Heaven, you went."

"I feel so guilty. Never again, Alanson. I do want to please you in every way I can. Sometimes I fear I have neglected you just a tiny little bit. I'll try and be a better wife to you after this, Alanson."

## CHAPTER IV.

### Mrs. La Grange Whispers.

Sir Alanson Gascoyne was happy. His wife was closer to him that she had been for months. His profound love for her, rooted in the very depths of his nature, bloomed into a new demonstrativeness. Her little waywardnesses, her love for frivolity, her neglect of his wishes in trifles, all were forgotten under the influence of this terrible hour, at the end of which she had been restored to him as by a miracle.

This reticent man, from nature and habit, had hitherto kept some guard over the deepest corners of his heart. To-night the barriers were overcome. She was thrilled, frightened; and she showed her feelings without attempt at restraint. He felt he had never realised before how adorable she was. Her agitation was reasonable, her repeated expressions of self-condemnation only natural. She had unwittingly caused him the two most anguished hours of his life. He told her at length that he was glad he had suffered. It had brought them so close together.

"Don't leave me alone so much, Lanse," she cried suddenly, as she flung her arm round his neck and buried her face in his shoulder. "Come out with me oftener. Why shut yourself up night after night?"

He was delighted to hear the appeal, though it

(Continued on page 12.)

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# DAINTY DISHES FOR BREAKFAST, LUNCH, AND DINNER.

## SEASONABLE COOKERY.

### EXCELLENT ADDITIONS TO THE DAILY MENU.

#### PETITES CREMES A L'ADELINE. (A Nice Breakfast Dish.)

INGREDIENTS:—One large dried haddock, three raw eggs, three ounces of butter, two tablespoonsful of cream, seasoning, frying fat.

Scrape the raw flesh of the fish from the skin and bones—about eight ounces of it is required. Pound and sieve it. Warm the butter gently, add it to the fish, also the cream and eggs after beating them. Season the mixture somewhat highly. Grease some small, rather shallow moulds and fill them with the mixture. Stand the moulds in a baking-tin containing a little water, lay a greased paper over the top, put the tin in a moderate oven, and cook till firm, probably about ten minutes. Then turn out the contents of the small moulds

in the butter lightly and add the sugar. Beat the eggs, mix them with the milk, and add and mix them quickly into the flour. Knead slightly; divide the mixture into even pieces, and shape them into flat rounds. Beat up an extra egg with a little water, and brush the scones over with it. Let them stand for five minutes, and brush them over once more. Bake them in a very sharp oven for about twelve minutes.

#### MEDALLIONS OF CHICKEN.

(A good entrée.)

INGREDIENTS:—One cold fowl, half a pound of cooked tongue (or ham), one tablespoonful of pâte de foie gras, half a pint of white sauce, two sheets of gelatine, two tablespoons of cream, half a pint of warmed aspic jelly, one gill of mayonnaise sauce, a little salad, one pound firm tomatoes, green butter, truffes.

Make the green butter first by working into four ounces of fresh butter the hard-boiled yolk of one

of these. Warm the sauce and melt in it the gelatine, and add the cream. Season it well. Coat the tops of the medallions twice with the sauce, letting the first coating set before pouring over the next. Decorate prettily with shapes of truffe; pour over melted aspic jelly to glaze, and set the medallions in a cold place. Put a medallion into slices a quarter of an inch thick. Put a medallion on each slice of tomato. These should be a little larger than the former. Pipe the green butter round the edges tastefully. Mix the salad with the mayonnaise sauce, and form it into a layer in an entrée dish. Arrange the medallions on the bed of salad, and serve as cold as possible.

#### PALESTINE SOUP.

INGREDIENTS:—Two pounds of Jerusalem artichokes, two ounces of butter or good dripping, a small onion, one stick of celery, one pint of white stock, or half milk and half water, salt and white pepper, half a pint of cream or milk.

Wash the artichokes carefully, and if necessary scrub them. Then peel and trim them nicely, and as you finish each one drop it at once into a

## SMART MUFFS.

Muffs are a very important item in the fashionable woman's winter outfit, and the new ones are very quaint and old world, as are the smart coats they accompany. There is the familiar flat pouch shaped muff, the round pillow one, now bigger than ever, and the Victorian one, which is called the granny muff. A very fascinating novelty combines a handbag and muff; the bag is mounted invisibly on the top of the muff, just a jewelled clasp peeping out to indicate its whereabouts. Others of the same kind show merely a purse, but both forms are useful.

## LINEOLEUM CLEANSER.

Linoleum will wear longer and look better if it is given a coat of varnish three times a year. Let the varnish get very dry before walking on the floor, and when cleaning it add a little kerosene to the water, for it softens the dirt and hardens the linoleum.

## THE EDITOR

### Learned a Food Lesson.

The financial editor of a prominent paper has written an interesting article describing his experience with food. He says:

"I suffered from nervous trouble for years, at first confined to muscular twitching, but grew worse, and involuntary contractions of the muscles accompanied by indescribable severe pains were the penalty of over-exertion, catching cold, or just bad weather, even when the greatest care was exercised. The sciatic nerve and the nerves of the back became so sensitive I could only remove my back-lying with the greatest care and sometimes left it on at night rather than suffer the torture of removing it and putting on a night shirt."

"I was almost a nervous wreck, and was treated by numerous physicians without any improvement; in fact, matters went on from bad to worse, each attack becoming more severe and more lasting until I broke down completely last winter. For weeks I suffered so terribly and continuously that I got no natural sleep. I became practically helpless, could not walk, and at one time thought I had lost the use of one of my legs."

"The doctors put me on skimmed milk, but that did not satisfy, so they put me on Grape-Nuts at meal times and Postum Cereal and both agreed with me from the start in the most wonderful manner."

"I could soon sit up and my improvement has been rapid. I no longer suffer the pains which at times were almost unbearable, and I get good, sound, restful sleep, better than I have for years. Best of all, I have recovered the use of my leg, and prospects are good for complete recovery. I have no doubt my improved condition is due to the Grape-Nut diet." Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66, Shoe-lane, E.C.

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In sunny weather it is easy to dry a child's hair by pulling it through the open crown of an old hat.



Plait the little one's hair when she goes to bed.



Little girls can easily be taught to massage their own tresses.

on to a clean cloth to cool a little. Beat another egg, and, after dipping the shapes in flour, brush them over with it. Fry in deep fat till a tempting brown, then lift them out, drain on paper, and serve on a hot dish with or without fried parsley.

#### DUNDEE SCONES.

(For Afternoon Tea.)

INGREDIENTS:—One pound of Vienna flour, half an ounce of cream of tartar, quarter of an ounce of bicarbonate of soda, four ounces of butter, four ounces of castor sugar, two eggs, quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, half a pint of milk.

Pass the flour, bicarbonate of soda, cream of tartar, and salt two or three times through a sieve.

## THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

(Continued from page 11.)

was almost a demand to choose between her and his career.

"The days are not long enough—the nights are too short," he cried; "I have kept back some decisions quite unreasonably. Parties to certain actions have a right to complain that I am dilatory. But I will make time somehow. You, too, have a claim, dear."

"I have felt so lonely sometimes," she murmured.

"It makes me happy to think that you care so much. I have been just a little bit troubled about you, Rosamond, lately, you know."

"Troubled about me?" she said sitting upright, and looking at him.

"Yes," he said, "I admit it. We'll start afresh, dearest, from to-night, and we'll start it with perfect confidence on both sides. I have a little confession to make. I have had a feeling, an intuition, I suppose a woman might call it—but judges are not supposed to have such things."

"About what?"

"Now, don't be startled, and don't think this is any censur of you. It is a confession about myself, that's all. I've feared sometimes that the years between us were too many, that my legal training had made me, perhaps, a little—well, sometimes I've wondered if I've not been quite interesting to you, or—"

"You always have," she said. "As for the

years, there don't count. Nobody believes that there is much difference between us, you always look so young. I never think of them. But what were you going to say?"

"I shan't say it," he said, smiling, "I've forgotten it."

She pleaded for what she called his full confession, and at last he yielded.

"I've looked at Dick sometimes," he said, "and wished almost that I were as young as he."

"But why—why at him?" she asked in a choking voice.

"Because," he answered gravely, "it has sometimes seemed—but, pshaw! this is—"

She closed his lips with a kiss, as her head nestled close to his she whispered her disarming explanation.

"I am so grieved. I looked on him as your aide-de-camp. I did not dream—oh, he shall not take me about any more."

"Forget what I have said," cried the generous and high-minded husband. "You are young, your spirits are high, you are fond of gaiety. Enjoy life while you may."

"Not," she whispered, "if it brings a pang to you."

"It cannot now," was his answer, "sure as I am of your love."

"Ah, you should never have doubted. Promise me you never will again."

"Indeed—I never will," and he clasped her to his heart, and believed himself the happiest and most fortunate man in all London.

There came a knock at the door.

Mr. Tourillotte and Sir Warren Corry, it appeared, had returned in search of news of Lady Gascoyne.

"I will go down," cried the Judge. "Of course they were anxious."

"I am tired out," said Rosamond, "I am going to bed. You won't be long, Lane?"

"Not five minutes—only to thank them."

Left alone, Lady Gascoyne dropped into a chair and buried her face in her hands. Every nerve in her body quivered, and her heart was beating wildly.

"Oh, that I had never gone," she moaned.

## Old Soaps

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(To be continued.)











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